THÉRÈSE RAQUIN.

A NOVEL.

BY ÉMILE ZOLA.

AUTHOR OF "NANA," "L'ASSOMMOIR," "THE CONQUEST OF PLASSANS," "HÉLÈNE," "ALBINE," "CLORINDA," "MARKETS OF PARIS," "MAGDALEN FERAT," "THE ROUGON-MACQUART FAMILY; OR, MIETTE," ETC.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH
BY JOHN STIRLING.

"THÉRÈSE RAQUIN" is a powerful story of the realistic school. It is the story of a murder skilfully planned and skilfully executed. But this is by no means all. The description of the remorse that swiftly followed on the dastardly crime—remorse that transformed the guilty love of the murderers into hate and loathing—is given with such power that one shivers at the picture. The haunting presence of the murdered husband, by night and by day, and the climax, the natural outgrowth of the crime, could only have been drawn by the master pen of Zola, whose talent—I may almost say genius—cannot be questioned: for he analyzes most profoundly, some of his descriptions of French life being equal to anything ever written by Dickens, while there is not one of his books, not even the crudest, to use the words of Edmondo De Amicis, "that does not leave in the soul, pure, firm, and immutable, aversion or scorn for the base passions of which he treats, while his nude figures do not inspire the slightest immoral thought, for reading his works is like finding Truth for the first time."

4003 m 2

PHILADELPHIA:
T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS;
306 CHESTNUT STREET.

PZ3
Z74
Cop

COPYRIGHT.
T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS.
1881.

ÉMILE ZOLA'S GREAT WORKS.

Nana. The Sequel to "L'Assommoir." *By Émile Zola*, author of "L'Assommoir," "Hélène," etc. With a portrait of "Naua" on the cover.

"NANA" is a variety actress, whose charming face and magnificent figure create a furore amongst the fashion of Paris, and the work is a recital of her daily life, on and off the boards—a life of perpetual excitement, and of uninterrupted pleasure. Both behind the scenes and at her rooms she is constantly surrounded by a crowd of attendants. "NANA" has created a great sensation abroad, and has been hailed by the Press, both of London and Paris, as the literary event of years, over four hundred thousand copies of "NANA" and "L'ASSOMMOIR" having been already sold in France.

L'Assommoir. *By Émile Zola*, author of "Nana," "Albine," "Clorinda," "Hélène," etc. With a portrait of "Gervaise," the mother of "Nana," on the cover.

"L'ASSOMMOIR" is one of the greatest and most extraordinary works ever written, full of nature and of art, dramatic, narrative, and pictorial. It is without a rival.

Clorinda; or, The Court of Napoleon III. *By Émile Zola*, author of "Nana," "Hélène," etc. With a portrait of "Clorinda" on the cover.

Each character in "Clorinda" bears a name; and as a picture of the manner in which a scorned and slighted woman avenges herself, "Clorinda" is absolutely without a parallel.

Hélène, a Love Episode; or, Une Page D'Amour. *By Émile Zola*, author of "Nana," and "Clorinda." With a portrait of "Hélène" on the cover.

"HÉLÈNE," by author of "Nana," is full of powerful and life-like delineations of character. Besides the love story running through the volume, there are many pages devoted to rapturous descriptions of Paris at sunrise, at noonday, at sunset, and at night.

The Markets of Paris; or, Le Ventre De Paris.

"THE MARKETS OF PARIS," by author of "Nana," is a remarkable work. In it Zola introduces us to the Parisian cook shop—and in la belle Lisa we find the sister of Gervaise, the woman who stirred the depths of our hearts with pity, in "L'Assommoir."

Magdalen Férat. *By Émile Zola*, author of "Nana," "Albine," "Clorinda," "Hélène," "L'Assommoir," etc. With a portrait of "Magdalen Férat," on the cover.

"MAGDALEN FÉRAT" is a love story of pronounced strength and absorbing interest. It has a well-constructed plot, which is developed in masterly fashion. There is not a page of the story that will not be read through and appreciated.

Miette; or, The Rougon-Macquart Family. (La Fortune des Rougon.) *By Emile Zola*, author of "Nana." With a portrait of "Miette."

In "MIETTE; OR, THE ROUGON-MACQUART FAMILY," by author of "Nana," Zola depicts people as he sees them; he sets down their passions and their weaknesses, their petty jealousies, and small rivalries, while his heart is as tender as his pen is forcible.

Albine; or, The Abbé's Temptation. (La Faute de L'Abbé Mouret.) *By Emile Zola*, author of "Nana." With a portrait of "Albine" on cover.

"ALBINE" is a character study of a high order, and is one of the most pathetic, charming, and sweetest love stories ever printed. It is so perfect that it seems painted rather than written. It is so real, that one can almost smell the flowers described and inhale the perfumed air. It is so pathetic that it brings tears to the eyes.

The Conquest of Plassans; or, La Conquéte De Plassans.

In "THE CONQUEST OF PLASSANS," by author of "Nana," Zola's command of language is absolutely marvellous, and he uses it so accurately that the reader has before him the individual, the act or the scene, the hour of the day or night he describes.

CONTENTS.

Chapter		Page
I.	LE PASSAGE DU PONT-NEUF	21
II.	THE HERO AND HEROINE MARRY	27
III.	REMOVAL TO PARIS	35
IV.	MADAME RAQUIN'S RECEPTIONS	43
V.	A NEW ARRIVAL	48
VI.	PORTRAIT PAINTING	56
VII.	FRANCOIS, THE CAT	60
VIII.	A SILENT KISS	66
IX.	EVIL COUNSEL	71
X.	UNSUSPECTED ASSASSINS	79
XI.	A DAY OF HORROR	83
XII.	A MOTHER'S GRIEF	97
XIII.	THE MORGUE	105
XIV.	AUNT AND NIECE	110
XV.	CONDOLENCES	114
XVI.	INDECISION	116
XVII.	IN THE SILENT WATCHES OF THE NIGHT.	124
XVIII.	CAMILLE'S GHOST	131
XIX.	A CLEVER ACTRESS	137

Chapter Page

XX. THE MARRIAGE DAY..... 150
XXI. HORROR AND DISGUST..... 156
XXII. A GHOSTLY VISION..... 168
XXIII. INSANITY..... 174
XXIV. SELFISHNESS REWARDED..... 176
XXV. IN THE STUDIO..... 187
XXVI. TENDER DEVOTION..... 198
XXVII. THE AVENGING HAND..... 207
XXVIII. RECRIMINATION..... 213
XXIX. THÉRÈSE KISSES HER AUNT..... 222
XXX. TO BE, OR NOT TO BE..... 232
XXXI. THE BEGINNING OF THE END..... 243
XXXII. THE END..... 251

THÉRÈSE RAQUIN.

FROM THE FRENCH OF

ÉMILE ZOLA.

AUTHOR OF "NANA," "L'ASSOMMOIR," "CLORINDA; OR, THE RISE AND REIGN OF HIS EXCELLENCY EUGENE ROUGON," "MIETTE; OR, THE ROUGON-MACQUART FAMILY; OR, LA FORTUNE DES ROUGON," "HELENE; OR, UNE PAGE D'AMOUR," "ALBINE; OR, THE ABBE'S TEMPTATION; OR, LA FAUTE DE L'ABBE MOURET," "THE CONQUEST OF PLASSANS; OR, LA CONQUETE DE PLASSANS," "THE MARKETS OF PARIS; OR, LE VENTRE DE PARIS," "MAGDALEN FERAT," ETC.

TRANSLATED BY JOHN STIRLING.

CHAPTER I.

LE PASSAGE DU PONT-NEUF.

AT the end of *la Rue Guène-Gaud* as you come from the Quais, you find yourself in the *Passage du Pont-Neuf*, a sort of lane — dark and dreary, running from *la Rue Mazarin* to *la Rue de Seine*. This passage is twenty feet long and two wide at the utmost. It is paved with yellowish stones, worn and uneven, ill-smelling and damp.

On fair summer days, when a hot sun pours down on the streets, merely a whitish light enters through

the dirty window panes looking out on this passage. On stormy days in winter, or foggy mornings, the wretched interiors receive no light whatever from without.

On the left the shops are especially low and dark, and are occupied by manufacturers of children's toys, and by box makers whose stocks in trade are covered thick with dust, and whose small-paned windows throw a grim reflection on the faces of all within, who move about in the obscurity almost like shadows. On the right runs a long wall, against which the people in the shops opposite have built narrow closets, in which are displayed all sorts of articles, on hideous brown shelves. An old woman has hired one of these closets, and there sells imitation jewelry—rings for fifteen sous, are delicately arranged on a bed of blue velvet, in the bottom of a mahogony box.

Above these closets extends the wall, covered with green stains and mould.

The *Passage du Pont-Neuf* is not a place in which the gay world walks. It is taken only as a short cut—when one is in a hurry—and is used by persons whose great aim in life is to save a few minutes—apprentices in white aprons, work-women carrying huge bundles, men and women with boxes and packages under their arms. An occasional aged man may be seen dragging himself along, and the children coming from school delight to scamper through, as they greatly enjoy the noise of their wooden shoes clattering on the stones, and re-echoing from the walls.

All day long, therefore, there is a constant sound of footsteps—no one speaks, no one stops—but each person hurries on, without glancing into the shops, the proprietors of which look out anxiously, hoping that some one may be attracted by their wares.

In the evening three gas jets, enclosed in cumbrous lanterns, lighted the passage. These gas lights shed around them pale circles, which trembled and seemed every moment about to disappear. The *Passage* then assumed a singularly cut-throat aspect—great shadows stretched along the paving stones, and blasts of cold, damp air poured in from the street. It was like a subterranean gallery vaguely lighted by three funeral lamps. The shop-keepers were quite contented with the scanty illumination afforded their windows by these gas lights, and had only within the shops a lamp with a shade upon it standing on the corner of their counters. The passers-by could then distinguish something of the interior of these dingy holes where darkness lurked all through the day.

Just under one of the gas lights was the box manufacturer, and on the opposite side further on, one candle caused the imitation jewelry to glitter—its proprietor lying coiled up on the floor of the closet, asleep, with her arms folded in her shawl.

Some years ago there was in this lane a shop painted dark green, damp and unwholesome. A long narrow plank was the sign, and had on it the words, *Thread and Needles*, and on the glass door was a woman's name—"Thérèse Raquin," painted in red letters.

On the right and left of the door were deep windows, the sloping floors of which were covered with blue paper.

During the morning all that could be seen was the scanty supply of merchandise displayed in these windows and on that end of the counters nearest them.

On one side there was a little lingerie—fluted caps at two and three francs each, muslin collars and sleeves, a few pairs of knitted stockings and a pair of suspenders. Almost everything was yellow and dusty, and was suspended by a hook of steel wire. The windows therefore were obscured by thin white chiffons which presented a very miserable appearance. The new caps of a more dazzling whiteness caught the eye at once, and also an occasional pair of long stockings.

On the other side, in a narrow window, were balls of yarn of different colors, black buttons sewed on white cards, boxes of all colors and all dimensions, bunches of steel beads, bundles of knitting needles, patterns for worsted work, rolls of ribbons—all these things looked as if they had lain there perfectly undisturbed for five or six years. All seemed of one uniform, dull gray in this store-house, to which wind, dust, and rain had access.

Toward noon on clear summer days, when the sun poured down its ardent, yellow rays on the wide streets, behind the caps in the larger window a young woman's pale, grave face could be distinguished. This profile stood out against the darkness of the rear of

the shop. A low, broad brow, a straight, slender nose, thin red lips, and a short well-cut chin fading into the throat in rounded lines, were all that could be seen, for the figure was lost in the shadow—the profile alone appeared—of almost waxen pallor, long-fringed lashes to eyes wide open, and a head crowned by masses of dark hair. This head could be seen motionless for hours between two caps on which the steel wires had left streaks of rust.

In the evening when the lamp was lighted, the interior of the shop was visible. It was not deep—the counter was on the side of the largest window—while on the other at the end, there was a staircase leading to the rooms above. Against the walls were shelves with glass doors, and shelves piled with green boxes—four chairs and a table completed the furniture. The place was inexpressibly dreary and bare, the merchandise all looked as if it were packed for removal.

As a general thing there were two women seated behind the counter: the young woman with the grave face, and an old lady who smiled and nodded in her sleep. This old lady was about sixty. Her placid fat face looked white in the lamp light—a great tortoise shell cat crouched on the corner of the counter and watched her.

Seated on a low chair, was a man of some thirty years, reading or talking with the younger woman in a low voice. He was small, thin, with hair of a faded blonde, a scanty beard and a face covered with freckles. He looked like a spoiled, unhealthy child.

A little before ten the elder woman awoke. The shop was closed and the family went up stairs to bed. The cat followed its mistress, purring and rubbing against each rail of the stairs.

The rooms above consisted of three. The stairs entered a dining room which served also as a salon. On the left was a porcelain stove, in a niche opposite stood a buffet; then chairs were ranged along the walls, a round table always stood in the centre of the room. Back of this dining room was a tiny kitchen, very dark, and on each side was a sleeping room.

The old lady, having embraced her son and her daughter-in-law, went into her own room, the cat slept on a chair in the kitchen. The husband and wife entered their chamber, which had a second door and a staircase that led down into a very dark, narrow passage.

The husband, who was always ill and feverish, prepared for bed, and his wife opened the window to close the blinds, and stood for some minutes before the great black wall that extended in front of her. She looked up and down this wall with vague, wandering eyes, and then turned away in disdainful indifference.

CHAPTER II.

THE HERO AND HEROINE MARRY.

MADAME RAQUIN was from Vernon, where for twenty-five years she had kept a little shop. Some years after her husband's death she sold out her stock and good will. Her savings, added to the amount brought in by this sale, gave her a capital of forty thousand francs, which she invested, and which brought her in an income of two thousand francs.

This sum seemed to her quite enough to live on. She knew none of the joys or the sorrows of this world from this time forth, but lived a quiet, peaceful existence, apart from the world.

She hired for four hundred francs a little house, whose garden ran down to the Seine. It was a quiet home with a certain cloistral aspect; a straight path led to the house which stood in the centre of a large meadow—the windows looked out on the river and on the desolate hills on the opposite shore. The good lady, who was then over fifty, shut herself up in this solitude with her son Camille, and her niece Thérèse.

Camille was then twenty. His mother continued to spoil him as she had done when he was a little boy. She adored him because he had struggled through a succession of severe illnesses that had left him without

any constitution. For fifteen years, Madame Raquin had watched over the health of this dear son, and nursed him with indomitable patience, courage and love.

Camille, as we have said, was never well — he was always suffering in one way or another. His physical development had been arrested, and he was undersized; his movements were always uncertain and slow. His mother loved him all the more for this fragility, and watched the varying expressions of his poor, pale face, with triumphant tenderness, saying to herself that she had given him life not once but at least ten times. During the rare intervals between his illnesses, the boy went to a commercial college in Vernon. He there learned spelling and arithmetic. His science was limited to the four rules, and to a superficial knowledge of grammar. Later, he took lessons in writing and book-keeping. Madame Raquin trembled, when she was advised to send her son to college; she knew that he would die were he to leave her, and that books would kill him. Camille therefore rested in comfortable ignorance, and this ignorance was an additional element of weakness in his nature.

At eighteen, wearied to death by the attentions with which his mother surrounded him, he entered a linen draper's as book-keeper, at a salary of sixty francs per month. He was of a restless nature, and could not endure idleness. He was in better spirits and in better health, while bending over these long columns of

figures, than when lounging about his mother's house. He had been forced to quarrel with his mother in order to gain her consent to his acceptance of this situation. She wished to pin him to her side, lest an accident should come to him. The young man was determined to have his own way on this point, however — he demanded work as other children demand playthings— not from any sense of duty, but from an instinct, a necessity of his nature. The tenderness and devotion of his mother had made him intensely, ferociously selfish; he fancied that he loved those who pitied him, and ministered to his happiness, but in reality he lived quite apart, within himself, loving no one but himself, caring only for his own comfort, and eager only for that which should best ensure it, and when irritated by his mother's watchfulness, he, in order to escape from doses and potions, threw himself into an absorbing occupation during the day, and in the evening, walked with his cousin Thérèse on the shores of the Seine.

Thérèse was then eighteen. One day, sixteen years before which Madame Raquin was busy with her shop, her brother, Captain Dégans, appeared before her with a little girl in his arms. He came from Algeria.

"Here is a child of whom you are the aunt," he said, with a smile. "Her mother is dead, I do not know what to do with her. I give her to you."

The aunt took the child in her arms, and kissed the rosy cheeks. Dégans was eight days at Vernon. His sister questioned him closely in regard to this child,

but succeeded simply in ascertaining that the little one was born at Oran, and that her mother was a woman of the country, and of great beauty. The captain, one hour before he left his sister, handed her an *acte de naissance* in which Thérèse, formerly recognized by him, bore his name. He went away and was never seen again by his sister, and several years later was killed in Africa.

Thérèse grew up with Camille, as tenderly cared for and caressed as was he. She was exuberantly healthy, and yet she was watched as if she were the frailest of the frail, sharing her cousin's medicines and constantly breathing the heated atmosphere of the room occupied by the little invalid.

For hours she sat crouched before the fire watching the flames without lowering her eyelids. This life had naturally a marked effect upon her; she fell into a way of speaking very softly—of walking on tiptoe—of remaining for hours, seated without moving a finger, and with wide-open eyes fixed on vacancy. But when she raised her arm or advanced her foot, one instantly realized that under that fair skin and elastic muscles lurked a host of slumbering passions. A certain feline suppleness also characterized her, though her energy and strength was something marvellous.

One day her cousin fell unconscious; she lifted him and bore him to his room with swift dexterity. The exertion tinged her cheeks with a brighter color, and flushed her brow, but she said not one word. The

secluded life she led, the debilitating regime to which she was subjected, did not diminish her vital force; her figure lost none of its roundness, but her face gradually became utterly colorless, her complexion lost its pink and white, and became almost yellow, consequently much of her beauty vanished with her coloring.

When Madame Raquin took the little house near the water, Thérèse was thrilled with joy. Her aunt had said to her so continually, "Hush! don't make such a noise!" that she had succeeded in controlling all outward demonstrations of her stormy nature.

Her self-possession was something wonderful, and a certain stolid tranquillity vailed her hidden excitement. She always looked upon herself as in the vicinity of a dying child, so firmly impressed was she, by her aunt, with the conviction that her cousin was in very delicate health. Her movements were those of a woman in a sick room, her gestures and her voice were always soothing and placid.

When she beheld the garden, the river, and the green hills lying off towards the horizon, she felt a mad longing to run and shout. She felt her heart beat wildly against the prison of her breast, but not one muscle in her face quivered. She merely smiled faintly, when her aunt asked if she were pleased with this new dwelling. Then life became infinitely easier and more agreeable for her. She preserved all the tranquillity of her manner—her calm indifferent expression of face, but within herself she lived a tumultuous, stormy

existence. When she was alone, she lay among the long grass by the river-side basking in the hot sun like some animal—her dark eyes wide open with an expression of angry defiance. She indulged in the maddest dreams, and looked defiantly at the murmuring river, as if she believed that it was about to rise and attack her; then she would start to her feet and prepare for defence, asking herself angrily how she could conquer these waters.

In the evening, Thérèse would sit near her aunt quietly sewing—her face looked very gentle as the subdued light from the shaded lamp fell upon it. Camille, lying back in his arm-chair, was busy adding up figures in his mind.

Occasionally, a word or two uttered by one or the other disturbed for a moment the peaceful silence of this room.

Madame Raquin looked from one to the other of her two children with tender affection. She had determined on their marriage, for she could not endure the thought of dying and leaving her son alone and ill.

She therefore counted on Thérèse, saying to herself that the young girl would certainly be as vigilant as herself, in regard to Camille's health, for the girl had, by her silent devotion, inspired her aunt with entire and boundless confidence, and she felt that in marrying her son to such a woman, she was giving him a guardian angel.

The marriage was openly discussed as a matter of

course; and the young people knew perfectly well that it was entirely settled. Having known this from childhood, the thought had become perfectly familiar.

Madame Raquin had said, "we will wait until Thérèse is twenty-one."

They waited with no fever of the blood and no impatience. Camille had not outgrown his boyish liking for his cousin. He kissed her as he did his mother, with a certain amount of affection, but with no quickening of his pulse. He looked upon her as an agreeable companion — one who was always ready to gratify his whims and caprices, and to wait upon him by inches, and could make his gruels and flaxseed tea as no one else could; he leaned on her shoulder as she aided him from his bed to a chair when he was recovering from one of his attacks, as he would have leaned on the shoulder of any youth of his own age, and never once had he thought of pressing those fresh lips with a lover's kiss.

Thérèse too was cold and indifferent. She sometimes fixed her great eyes on Camille, and looked at him for several minutes with a calm, steady gaze; her lips alone sometimes quivered, but on this quiet face, which her immense self-control kept so firm, nothing that was going on within could be discovered.

When her marriage was spoken of, Thérèse would become very grave, contenting herself with simple acquiescence in all that Madame Raquin said.

On summer evenings, the two young people loitered

down to the river side. Camille rebelled at his mother's incessant watchfulness. He sometimes seemed determined to make himself ill; to do anything in short which should enable him to escape from all these cares which bored and worried him.

Months and years elapsed. The day fixed for the marriage arrived. Madame Raquin took Thérèse aside, talked to her of her father and her mother, and related the story of her birth. The young girl listened with fixed attention, then kissed her aunt in silence and left the room.

That night Thérèse, instead of going to her chamber on the left of the staircase, entered that of her cousin opposite. This was all the change that took place in her life.

Camille's quiet selfishness remained all undisturbed, and Thérèse was as quiet and as indifferent as ever.

CHAPTER III.

REMOVAL TO PARIS.

A WEEK after his marriage Camille stated distinctly to his mother that he intended to leave Vernon and meant to live in Paris.

Madame Raquin was greatly disturbed, and positively refused. She had planned out the remainder of her life, and did not propose to change it in any way.

Her son had an attack of the nerves, and threatened to be very ill if she did not yield.

"I have never opposed you in any way," he said, "you wanted me to marry my cousin, I have done so. I have taken every dose of medicine you ever ordered, and it seems to me that the least you can do now is to yield to my wishes without making any objection. We shall leave at the end of the month."

Madame Raquin never closed her eyes that night. This decision of Camille's was a great shock to her, and it seemed to her almost impossible that she could ever again make new plans. But by degrees, she accustomed herself to the idea. She reminded herself that this newly-married pair might have children, and then her small property would not be enough for them all to live upon. More money must be earned, and some lucrative occupation could easily be found for Thérèse.

In two more days, Madame Raquin had become accustomed to the idea of leaving Vernon, and had arranged all her plans.

She even became quite gay as she talked them over.

"Listen, children," she said. "I will go to Paris to-morrow. I will see if I cannot buy out the stock and good-will of some thread and needle shop. This will give us two women something to do. You, Camille, will occupy yourself as you please; you can stroll about the streets until you are tired, or you can look for some employment."

"I will find some employment," answered the young man.

The truth was, that Camille's resolve was the result of his moderate ambition. He wished to be employed in some large establishment, and colored high with pleasure as he pictured himself in a vast Bureau with alpaca sleeves drawn up over his arms, and a pen behind his ears.

Thérèse was not consulted; she had always shown such passive obedience, that both her aunt and her husband thought it unnecessary even to ask her opinion. She went where they went, she did what they did without a complaint, without a reproach, without even seeming to know that she had given up one residence for another.

Madame Raquin went to Paris, and to the *Passage du Pont-Neuf* at once. An old maid at Vernon had sent her to one of her relatives, who kept a shop in this

Passage of which she was anxious to get rid. Madame Raquin thought the place dark and small, but she was so frightened by the noise of the streets, and by all the luxury she saw in the fashionable quarters of Paris, that this narrow lane and these modest windows recalled to her mind her old shop in Vernon, and even allowed her to fancy that she was once more in the provinces.

She breathed more freely in this quiet corner than she had breathed since she left Vernon, and she came to the conclusion that her beloved children might easily be happy here.

The modest price asked, finally decided her. The stock and good-will were valued at two thousand francs, while the rent of the shop and floor above was but twelve hundred.

Madame Raquin, who had saved over four thousand francs, calculated that she could buy the stock and pay the first year's rent, and not encroach on her capital.

Camille's salary and the sales they would make—herself and Thérèse—would suffice for their daily needs, and in that way she would not be compelled to touch the interest of her capital, but would allow it to roll up for her grandchildren.

She returned to Vernon in the best of spirits, she said she had found a pearl — a most delicious spot in the heart of Paris. By degrees, and at the end of a few days, this dark, damp shop in this *Passage* had become a Palace in her eyes. She looked upon it as

large, commodious, quiet and replete with unspeakable advantages.

"Ah! my dear Thérèse," she said, "you will see how happy we shall be in that new home! There are three beautiful rooms up-stairs. The *Passage* is constantly crowded with people. We will arrange our shop windows in the most attractive manner. You may be sure, my dear, that we shall never be bored!"

The old lady talked on incessantly. All the instincts of an old shopkeeper revived within her. She gave advice to Thérèse on the sales and on the purchases she should make, and confided to her more than one trick of the trade.

Finally, the family left the house on the shore of the Seine, and that same evening they installed themselves in the *Passage du Pont-Neuf*.

When Thérèse entered the shop where she was to spend her future life, it seemed to her that she was going into a cold, damp cellar. She shivered with a ghastly kind of dread.

She looked out at the black lane, she inspected the shop, and finally went up stairs and examined every room, which, utterly nude of furniture, struck terror to her soul, so ghastly and dreary did they look.

Thérèse said not one word, nor did she make one single gesture of surprise. She was as if frozen. When her aunt and her husband went down stairs, she seated herself on a chair with hands loosely clasped on her knees. A smothered sob shook her from head to foot.

Madame Raquin, now that she was face to face with the reality, was somewhat embarrassed and ashamed of her dreams. She defended her acquisition, and found a remedy for each new inconvenience they encountered, reasoned away the darkness by saying that the weather was cloudy, and ended by saying that a little soap and water, and good use of brooms and brushes, would make all right.

"Nonsense!" answered Camille, "it is all well enough. Besides, we shall never be up stairs in the daytime. I shall always be out until five or six o'clock, and you two women will be very comfortable together here."

Never would the young man have consented to occupy this dismal hole, had he not relied on the comforts of the clerkship he anticipated. He said to himself that he would be, of course, quite warm enough all day in his office, and at night he would go to bed almost as soon as he got home.

For a whole week, the shop and the house remained in disorder. On the very first day, Thérèse took her seat behind the counter, and never moved. Madame Raquin was astonished at this acquiescence. She had supposed that the young wife would seek to embellish her home — to put flowers at the windows, and ask for new papers, curtains and carpets. When she herself proposed some alterations, her niece answered quietly:

"And why, pray? We are very well as we are. We ought not to think of such luxuries."

Camille was a whole month before he found any employment; but during this time he was as little as possible in the shop. He spent the greater part of the day in the street. He was so disappointed and discouraged, that he began to talk of going back to Vernon.

At last, however, he obtained a position in the office of a Railway Company — that of Orléans, at a salary of one hundred francs per month. He left in the morning at eight o'clock, and started with his hands in his pockets, along the Seine, from the Institute to the *Jardin des Plantes*. This long walk, which he took twice each day, did not fatigue him in body or mind. He looked at the water, watched its ripples, and the wood boats on the river. But he thought of nothing as he looked.

He often took his stand before *Notre Dame*, and examined with some curiosity the scaffolding by which the church, then in process of repair, was surrounded. These heavy timbers amused him, he hardly knew why. Then, as he passed, he glanced at the *Port Aux Vins*, and counted the *fiacres* coming from the station.

At night, with his head full of some silly tale he had heard in the office, he crossed the *Jardin des Plantes* and went to see the bears, if he were not in too great haste.

He remained there a half-hour, leaning over the pit, watching the bears — the clumsy animals amused him. He watched them with his under jaw dropped, taking an imbecile sort of pleasure in their movements.

It was with reluctance that he turned his face homeward — he much disliked leaving behind him the gay shops and carriages.

He ate his supper as soon as he entered the house, and then sat down to reading. He had bought Buffon's works, and each night he gave himself a certain number of pages to read, notwithstanding the fact that he found such reading very dull.

He also grappled with and conquered Thiers' *Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire*, and Lamartine's *Histoire des Girondins*, and also some other works of a similar character. He called this educating himself.

Sometimes he insisted on his wife listening while he read certain pages and certain anecdotes. He expressed great astonishment that Thérèse could sit a whole evening without once opening a book; and made up his mind that his wife's intelligence was of a very low order.

Thérèse pushed aside his books impatiently. She preferred to remain utterly idle, with her eyes fixed on some distant object, and her thoughts far away. She preserved, however, her even temper; all her strong will was exerted to make herself a mere passive instrument, with no characteristic save that of supreme self-abnegation.

Then business went on very smoothly, their receipts each month were just about the same. Their customers were composed of workwomen of the Quartier. Every two or three minutes a young girl would enter

and buy a few sous' worth. Thérèse served her customers with precisely the same words to all, and with the same mechanical smile on her lips. Madame Raquin was more demonstrative, and more talkative, and truth to tell, she it was, who attracted and retained their customers. For three years, each day that passed was exactly like those that preceded and followed it. Camille was not away from his office for twenty-four consecutive hours; his mother and his wife rarely left the shop.

Thérèse lived in darkness—in mournful, monotonous silence, and saw life extending itself before her, empty and joyless.

CHAPTER IV.

MADAME RAQUIN'S RECEPTIONS.

EVERY Thursday evening the Raquin family received their friends. The large lamp in the dining-room was lighted, and the kettle boiling to make the tea. This weekly entertainment had come to be looked on in the family as an absolute orgie — particularly as the festivity did not break up until after eleven o'clock.

Madame Raquin had stumbled across an old acquaintance in an old police officer, who had come from Vernon, and who in fact had lived under the same roof with her for twenty years, at the time when she kept her flourishing shop. At that time they were great friends, but after she sold out and purchased her little house by the water, they had lost sight of each other.

Michaud left Vernon after a time, and went to Paris to enjoy his pension. One rainy day he chanced to meet his old friend in the *Passage du Pont-Neuf*, and that same evening went home to dinner with her.

It was in this way that the Thursday evening receptions came to pass. The old police officer formed the habit of coming there regularly once each week, and after a time he brought his son Olivier — a man of thirty — tall and thin, who had married a very small

woman, who was always out of health. Olivier held a position at the *Préfecture de Police*, at a salary of three thousand francs, which greatly excited Camille's jealousy.

Thérèse detested this man, who seemed to feel that in coming to their house he did them infinite honor, and looked down upon them with an air of great condescension.

Camille introduced another guest, an old employé in the Orleans Railway Company. Grivet had been in the service of this company for twenty years — he was head clerk, and received two thousand francs. It was he who arranged the duties of all the under clerks, and Camille treated him with great respect. In his own heart he said to himself that Grivet would die some fine day, in ten years perhaps, and that then he might replace him.

Grivet was greatly charmed at the cordial reception accorded him by Madame Raquin; he came back every week with unfailing regularity, and in six months began to look upon this Thursday visit as a duty. He went to the *Passage du Pont-Neuf* every Thursday as he went every day to his office, mechanically and as by instinct.

After a time these réunions became quite charming. At seven o'clock Madame Raquin lighted the fire, placed the lamp in the centre of the table, laid the dominos upon it, dusted the tea equipage on the buffet, and all was in readiness.

As the clock struck eight, punctual to the minute, old Michaud and Grivet met in front of the shop, one coming from *la Rue de Seine*, the other from *la Rue Mazarin*. They entered, and then all the family met up-stairs, where they seated themselves around the table; but Olivier, Michaud, and his wife, had not yet arrived.

After they came, Madame Raquin poured out tea, Camille opened the box of dominos, and they began their game. Nothing was heard after this but the rattle of the dominos on the oil-cloth cover of the table. After each game the players quarreled a few minutes, and then relapsed into this dreary silence, broken only by the sharp sounds of the pieces of ivory knocking against each other.

Thérèse played with an indifference that annoyed Camille beyond words. She took on her lap Francois, the great cat that Madame Raquin had brought from Vernon, and with one hand caressed the animal, while with the other she pushed the dominos about.

Thursday evenings were a torture to her — she often complained of a headache and of not feeling well, that she might be allowed to remain undisturbed in a corner. With her head on her hand she looked at these visitors—her husband's and mother's guests—she saw them through a yellow mist that rose from the lamp. All these people exasperated her. She looked from one to the other in profound disgust, and dumb irritation.

Old Michaud's face was pale and wrinkled, with red lines and blotches upon it — one of those faces which one often sees in the old who are approaching second childhood. Grivet had the narrow brow, the round eyes and thin lips of a cretin. Olivier, who was so thin that his bones seemed to be coming through his cheeks, exasperated her with his insignificant face and head, and the pomposity of his manner. And Susanne, Olivier's wife, was always pale to her very lips, her eyes sunken, and her brow contracted with pain.

Thérèse sometimes asked herself if she were with living creatures. Was she not shut up in a vault with galvanized corpses? Or with skeletons whose limbs moved when certain strings were pulled? The heavy air of the room choked and stifled her, the silence and the flaring yellow light of the lamp filled her with vague dismay.

To the door of the shop a bell had been affixed; this bell announced the arrival of customers. Thérèse listened eagerly for the sound, and as soon as she heard it she hurried down stairs, eager and thankful to leave the dining-room. She served her customers slowly and deliberately. When she was alone, she seated herself behind the counter, where she remained as long as she dared, only too glad that Grivet and Olivier were no longer before her eyes. The damp air of the shop cooled her hot brow and the fever that rendered her hands absolutely burning.

But she was not allowed a very long absence.

Camille was vexed. He could not understand how any one could prefer the shop to the dining-room on these festive Thursday evenings. He would speedily come to the stair rail, and leaning over would call out to his wife:

"What the deuce are you doing there? Why don't you come back? Grivet is still winning, he certainly has the most devilish luck!"

His wife would rise slowly and reluctantly, and returning to the dining-room would take her seat opposite old Michaud, whose pendulous lips quivered with an idiotic laugh. And as the evening wore on she kept her eyes fixed on the cat in her arms, rather than see these gibbering, senseless faces about her.

CHAPTER V.

A NEW ARRIVAL.

ONE day, coming from his office, Camille brought with him a tall, good-looking fellow, whom he pushed into the shop in a familiar sort of way.

"Mother," he said to Madame Raquin, "do you recognize this gentleman?"

The old lady looked at the stranger attentively, but was obliged to say that her memory did not recall his face. Thérèse looked on with her usual air of placid indifference.

"What!" exclaimed Camille, "you don't recognize Laurent, whom we used to call little Laurent, and whose father used to have such splendid fields of wheat near Jenfosse? You don't remember him? Why! I went to school with him, he came for me every morning, and you used to give him slices of bread with sweetmeats spread upon them!"

Madame admitted that she remembered little Laurent, but how could she be expected to know him when he had grown to such an enormous height, she asked. It was twenty years since she had seen him. She talked on rapidly, recalling many incidents of his childhood, hoping that she would thus make him forget her astonished reception.

Laurent seated himself with an easy air, and looked around the shop.

"Just imagine!" said Camille. "This fellow has been in the employment of the Orleans Railroad Company for eighteen months, and yet we never met until to-day. You see the administration is on so gigantic a scale that a man hardly knows who is in the next room."

The young man made this remark in a pompous tone, for he was very proud of being the fly on the wheel of this cumbrous machine.

He continued, shaking his head:

"He is doing well — this fellow is — he has studied, and has made some money. His father sent him to college, he has studied law, and can paint."

"Is that so, Laurent? You will dine with us?" said the old lady.

"I shall be most happy to do so," answered Laurent frankly.

He laid his hat on a table, with an air as if he did not intend to take it up for some time.

Madame Raquin ran to her saucepans.

Thérèse, who had not spoken a word, looked at the new comer. She had never seen any one like him. His look of health and youth astonished her. She contemplated with admiration his low brow and thick black hair, his clear skin and bright eyes.

She examined his hands spread out on his knees, the fingers were square at the ends. When closed they

must have been enormous. Laurent was a true peasant's son—slow in his movements, ponderous, a little round-shouldered, and with an expression of great obstinacy.

Camille displayed his volumes of Buffon and his other books, in order to convince his friend that he too could work. Then in response to a question which the other had apparently addressed to him a few minutes before, he said:

"But you ought to know my wife, Laurent? You surely have not forgotten the little cousin who used to play with us at Vernon?"

"I recognized Madame at once," answered Laurent, looking Thérèse full in the face.

She started, and with a forced smile said a few words to Laurent and her husband, then she hastened to join her aunt, for she felt strangely ill.

They took their seats at the table, and while they ate their soup, Camille continued to question his newly-found friend.

"And your father, how is he?"

"Ah! that I do not know," answered Laurent, "for I am sorry to say that we quarreled five years ago and have not met since, nor have we written to each other in that time."

"What!" cried Camille. He was too shocked to say more.

"Yes, the dear man had some most peculiar ideas. He is constantly having law-suits with his neighbors, and sent me to study law that he might have an

attorney ready to his hand. You see, his very follies he turns to his advantage."

"And you did not care to be a lawyer?" asked Camille, more and more astonished.

"Indeed, I did not," answered his friend, with a laugh. "For two years I pretended to study, in order that I might receive the allowance of twelve hundred francs that my father gave me. I lived with one of my friends who was an artist, and I tried painting. I found the trade an amusing one, and not fatiguing. We smoked and we talked all day."

The Raquin family opened astonished eyes.

"Unfortunately," continued Laurent, "this could not last. My father discovered that I was not telling him the truth, and he cut off my supplies and told me to come home and plough the ground with him. I then tried to paint pictures of Sacred Art, but I did not make much money that way. I soon saw that I should die of hunger, and I sent Art to the deuce, and looked about for something to do. My father will die some day, and I am looking forward to that time to live in idleness."

Laurent spoke in a calm, self-satisfied tone. He had just told a story that painted him to the life, for he was indolent in body and mind, his passions were strong, and he longed for opportunities of indulging them. He wanted to live well, eat well, and sleep well, but he did not intend to take much trouble to achieve even these ends.

The legal profession had frightened him, and he shuddered at the idea of tilling the ground as his father had pleasantly suggested. He had attempted Art with the idea that it was an indolent profession, in which he might hope to make money. He thought the brush an easy instrument to manage, and success a very simple thing.

His dreams and hopes were of the most luxurious character. He wanted all that life could give, and intended to have it. These dreams lasted as long as his father continued to send him money. But when Laurent, at the age of thirty, saw that he was thrown entirely on his own exertions he began to take a new view of life. He was a very coward before poverty, and would not have gone to bed hungry to win the most glorious triumph in Art.

He therefore sent painting to the deuce on the day that he clearly perceived that it could not content his inordinate desires. His first attempts were very poor. His peasant's eye saw the beauties of nature indistinctly and insufficiently, and his canvases were below criticism.

But it was not because he was discouraged as an artist that he threw aside his brushes; he was discouraged simply by the conviction that money would come in very slowly.

He regretted moreover the vast and commodious *atelier* of his friend, in which he had lived so comfortably for four or five years. He regretted the pretty

women who had come to this studio as models, and he regretted much more in this careless, easy life.

He was very fortunate to find a position at a very good salary, where too he was not very much worked; but he grumbled a good deal that he could not eat at better restaurants.

Camille listened to him with stupid astonishment.

"Do you mean," he said, "that these women who came to your studio as models, were nude?"

"Why, certainly I do," answered Laurent, with a glance at Thérèse, who, instead of flushing turned very pale.

"That must be a little awkward," said Camille, with a boyish laugh. "I really think I should have been very uncomfortable, and you, how did you feel the first time?"

Laurent had opened one of his hands wide and was examining the palm attentively. He did not look up as he answered,

"The first time," he repeated, slowly, "I hardly remember, it seemed natural enough. The fact is that Art is a very amusing thing, it is a pity that it is not a paying one. I had a superb brunette as a model. Her head was magnificently put on her shoulders, and her arms and bust glittered like marble." He checked himself and looked at Thérèse.

He was startled at the expression of her face. She was gazing at him with eyes strangely fixed, fathomless in their depth, and her parted, breathless lips showed

the regular line of her white teeth. Laurent looked from Thérèse to Camille. He smiled faintly and shrugged his shoulders. The bell rang at that moment, and Madame Raquin went down to serve a client, leaving the dessert that she had just placed on the table.

When dinner was over, Laurent, who had been very thoughtful for some minutes, turned suddenly to Camille.

"I want to paint your portrait," he said.

This idea enchanted Madame Raquin, and her son.

Thérèse was silent.

"These summer days are long," said Laurent, "and as we leave the office at four o'clock, I could come here then and paint for two hours. I can finish the picture in ten days."

"Agreed," answered Camille, flushed with joy; "you will dine every day with us. I will have my hair frizzed at the barber's, and will get out my best coat."

The clock struck eight. Grivet and Michaud came in, followed shortly by Suzanne and Olivier.

Camille presented his friend to the circle. Grivet compressed his lips tightly. He detested Laurent, whose advancement, in his opinion, had been altogether too rapid. Besides, a stranger among them was an unheard-of event, and could not be received by the guests of the Raquins without some coldness. Laurent was very amiable, and, grasping the situation, exerted himself to please, and succeeded in thawing the ice, and being regarded as one of the circle.

He told stories, imparted additional gayety to the soirée by his hearty laugh, and finally conquered even Grivet himself.

Thérèse, that evening was not anxious to go down to the shop, she was quite willing to stay where she was, played dominos and talked with unwonted animation. She never looked toward Laurent, but his presence strangely disturbed her, and she never once forgot that he was in the room.

CHAPTER VI.

PORTRAIT PAINTING.

LAURENT from this day came almost every evening to the Raquins'. He hired a small furnished room in the upper floor of a house in la Rue Saint-Victor, for which he paid eighteen francs per month. This room was lighted by a window in the roof, and was not more than six yards square. Naturally, Laurent was not anxious to return to it any earlier than he could avoid.

Before meeting Camille, as he had not money to waste at cabarets, he remained at the *Crêmerie*, where he dined, smoked pipes, and took an occasional glass of beer. Then he slowly sauntered to *la Rue Victor*, stopping, if the evening were pleasant, to sit under the trees.

The shop in the *Passage du Pont-Neuf* became, to him therefore, a most delightful resort, where he received much friendly attention. He saved the money he would have expended on beer, and drank, instead, Madame Raquin's excellent tea. He remained until after tea, as much at ease as if at home, and always assisted Camille in shutting the shop before he went away. One night he brought his easels and color box, for, as he said, he meant to begin Camille's portrait. The next day a canvas was purchased, stretched and prepared, and then the artist went to work select-

ing, as having the best light, the room belonging to Camille and his wife.

He was there evenings, drawing the head, making his strokes with infinite pains. His drawing was a grotesque exaggeration of the early masters. He copied Camille's face as a pupil copies at the Academy, with a hesitating hand, and with an awkward fidelity that imparted to the face the quaintest and stiffest expression. The fourth day he set his *pallette* and begun to peck at his canvas with the tips of his brushes, which he handled very much as if they had been pencils. At the end of each sitting Madame Raquin and Camille were in ecstacies. Laurent said they must wait, that the resemblance would come.

Thérèse never left the room, now transformed into an *atélier*. She left her aunt alone in the shop, and could not tear herself away from Laurent's easel—always grave and silent, and now more pale and mute than ever, she seated herself and looked on.

She did not seem to be greatly amused, but more as if she were fascinated and could not keep away. Laurent would occasionally half turn and smilingly ask if the portrait pleased her. She rarely replied in words, only with a nod, and then relapsed into her silent ecstasy.

Laurent, as he walked home at night to *la Rue Saint-Victor*, reasoned with himself for and against becoming the lover of Thérèse.

"She is a pretty woman," he said, "and I have but to hold up my finger. She is a strange creature, full of passion and quick impulses in spite of her reserved,

quiet ways. She wants a lover, I'll be bound, for Camille must be a wretched apology for one."

Laurent laughed aloud, and then went on in the same train of thought.

"She is bored to death in this shop, I can see that easily enough. I go there because I don't know where else to go. If I did, little of me would they see in the *Passage du Pont-Neuf!* It is damp and dreary beyond words. I should think a woman would die there in a week. She likes me—I can easily see that—then why not me as well as another, I should like to know?"

He stopped, and with a coxcomb-like smile, he looked down at the Seine rolling past.

"I called her a pretty woman, but I was wrong, after all," he thought, "her nose is too long and her mouth is enormous. Perhaps I might as well let her alone. Who knows what trouble I may get into? I must look before I leap."

Laurent, who was of a most cautious disposition, weighed this matter for more than a week, and finally decided not to take any steps until he saw clearly that it was to his interest to do so.

In his eyes Thérèse was ugly, he was not in the least attracted by her, but on the other side she would cost him nothing—and that was no small consideration with him—as he had not much money.

It would be to the interest of Thérèse to conceal his advances, and he could leave her, of course, whenever he pleased; and provided Camille discovered what was

going on and was angry, he could quickly silence the poor little wretch with his huge fist.

From that moment, having made up his mind to risk it, he only waited his opportunity. He determined to make use of all the Raquins—Madame Raquin would look out for him in a motherly sort of way, and Camille would amuse him and keep him from being bored in the evening.

The portrait was nearly finished and he had never been alone with Thérèse, although she was always in the room; but Camille never left it.

Madame Raquin said that when the picture was finished they must make a little fête, and all dine together.

The next day, when Laurent announced that he had given the last stroke of the brush to his canvas, all the family agreed in pronouncing the resemblance most extraordinary. The portrait was thoroughly ignoble. Laurent could not employ brilliant colors without rendering them muddy and thick. He had exaggerated Camille's yellow pallor, and the face bore a ghastly resemblance to that of a man who had died by drowning. But Camille was enchanted, and said that on canvas he had a most distinguished air.

When he had admired himself, or rather his representation, he said he would go out for a couple of bottles of champagne. Madame Raquin went down to the shop.

The artist was at last alone with Thérèse.

CHAPTER VII.

FRANCOIS, THE CAT.

FROM the very beginning the lovers regarded their intimacy as natural, unavoidable and fatal. It seemed to them both that they had always loved each other, and been on these terms for years.

They accepted their situation with the most perfect ease and impudence.

As Thérèse never went out, it was decided that Laurent must see her under her own roof. She calmly and steadily explained to him the plan she had arranged.

He must come in by the door that opened in the alley, and ascend the stairs to her room. Madame Raquin would be below in the shop, and Camille at his office.

Laurent agreed. The very daring that characterized this step seemed to ensure its safety, and he had, with all his caution, that brutal courage which is born of physical strength. Before many days had elapsed, he asked and obtained leave from his Chef two hours of liberty, and hurried to the *Passage du Pont-Neuf*.

When he reached the entrance of the alley he realized that the woman who sold false jewelry must be occupied before he could dare enter the alley. He waited, therefore, until a young grisette stopped to buy earrings and a pin of brass washed with gold.

Then he glided into the dark shadow of the alley and mounted the stairs, feeling his way up by the damp walls.

A door opened softly and he saw Thérèse. Never before had he thought her beautiful. Her face was transfigured, her complexion looked as if a light were burning within, under the transparent skin. The passionate blood of her African mother rippled within her veins.

From this day forth Thérèse became a part of his life.

"You cannot imagine," she said, "how much I have suffered. I have spent my whole life in the room of an invalid. Often, when a girl, I was with Camille when he was not expected to live from one hour to another. He was ill-natured and obstinate. He would not take any medicine unless I did the same. How I lived I can't imagine, all these days have ruined my good looks, but I never cared for that until now!"

She wept as she told the story of her life.

"I wish them no harm," she sobbed, "they educated me and brought me up, and prevented my dying of starvation. But I should have preferred abandonment to such hospitality. I needed fresh air, and an out-of-door life. When I was very little, I used to imagine myself going from door to door asking alms, and I enjoyed the idea, for I was a thorough Bohemian at heart. I have been told that my mother was the daughter of the chief of an African tribe. I have often

dreamed of her, and have pictured to myself the hot desert sands, and she wading through them knee deep, with me, an infant, on her shoulder. I shiver now with disgust as I recall the long days that I passed as a child and young girl in Camille's room, where he tossed and moaned in fever. I used to crouch on the hearth rug in front of the fire, and watch the tisane bubble in the sauce pan. I could not move, for if I did my aunt would scold me, for she allowed no noise or excitement in Camille's room. Later, I had some happy hours, when we lived in that little house by the water; but I could no longer run. I had almost lost the use of my limbs then, and I crawled rather than walked down that long garden walk to the river."

Thérèse caught her breath, and her slender nostrils dilated.

"You cannot imagine," she repeated, "how bad they have made me. They have transformed me into what Nature never intended me for—a hypocrite and a liar. They have stifled me in their bourgeois home, and I wonder that a drop of blood remains in my veins. I have dropped my eyelids, my face has worn a serene, almost imbecile expression. I have been but half alive. Say! when you saw me first, did you not think me dull and stupid?"

Thérèse stopped to dash the tears away, and then went on:

"I had no hope of any change, and thought seriously of throwing myself into the river. At Vernon, on

those cold, wintry nights, I used to lie awake and weep, stifling my cries in my pillow. Several times I thought of running away, but my courage failed — they had made a docile beast of burthen of me by their kindness and benevolence. Then I lied, and I have continued to lie, for I pretended to be gentle and grateful, while in reality I could have torn my aunt and my cousin, limb from limb!"

After a short silence Thérèse went on:

"I know not why I consented to marry Camille. I did not offer the smallest objection, for I pitied the poor boy. As a child, when I played with him, it seemed to me that he was made of soft clay that I could mould as I pleased. I accepted him as my husband because my aunt wished it, and I found him the same sickly child over whom I had watched so many dreary nights."

"Then you came," continued Thérèse. "And I loved you from the moment I saw you. You remember when you first came here to paint, I could not leave the room when you were here. I kissed the very floor where you had stood, the easel which your hands had touched, the moment you had gone."

Thérèse seemed to enjoy the very audacity of her crime. She had not a hesitation, not a fear. She braved all danger, even sought it. When her lover was coming, she told her aunt that she was not well, and must go to her room and rest; and when he came, she never thought of lowering her voice or avoiding a noise.

Sometimes Laurent would say to her:

"For Heaven's sake! Thérèse, don't make a noise. Madame Raquin will certainly come up!"

"Pshaw!" she would answer with a laugh. "She is nailed at her counter. She would not dare come here lest her goods below should be stolen. Suppose she did come, what then? Could you not hide? I am not afraid! I love you!"

These words did not in the least reassure Laurent, passion had not yet lulled his peasant caution to sleep. But after a time custom blunted his fears, and he ceased to regard these rendezvous as dangerous. Thérèse told him danger spares those who look it squarely in the face, and she was right. Never could these lovers have found so secure a place for these meetings, as in this place, not ten feet from the old lady in the shop below.

One day, Madame Raquin took into her head that her niece must be ill, as she had been up stairs for nearly three hours. Thérèse never even locked the door.

When Laurent heard the heavy step of the old lady, slowly ascending the creaking wooden staircase, he snatched his hat to depart; but Thérèse laughed at him, and with an imperative gesture pushed him toward a wardrobe at the end of which several skirts were hanging. Then, without any haste, she pulled these skirts over Laurent, and throwing herself on a couch near by, waited.

In another second the door was pushed open, and Madame Raquin appeared. She came on tip-toe up to the couch.

"Thérèse," she said, "are you ill, daughter?"

Thérèse opened her eyes slowly, shading them from the light with her hand, and complaining of a fearful headache, begged her aunt to let her sleep.

The old lady went away as she had come, on the points of her toes, in order not to make a noise.

As soon as the door closed, Thérèse exclaimed:

"There! what did I tell you? All these people are blind, they know nothing of love!"

Thérèse had the strangest ideas, and said the strangest things, and Laurent sometimes asked himself anxiously if her mind were altogether right.

The cat, François, was seated one day in the centre of the room, he looked from one to the other of the two lovers with a most diabolical expression.

"Look at François," said Thérèse to Laurent. "He behaves as if he meant to tell everything to Camille to-night. Would it not be a nice thing if some time he should learn to talk. I fancy that Camille might not be pleased with some of the things François could tell him!"

CHAPTER VIII.

A SILENT KISS.

IN the shop, of evenings, Laurent was perfectly happy. Generally he came home from the office with Camille. Madame Raquin had taken a motherly fancy for him. She knew that he was wretchedly uncomfortable in his garret, and had told him that there was always a seat for him at her table. She loved him with the tenderness that old people frequently feel for those persons who come from their former homes, and bring with them reminiscences of the Past.

The young man did not hesitate to avail himself of this hospitality. When he and Camille left the office, they generally took a long walk together, both men enjoying their companionship. Then they turned their faces toward Madame Raquin's, to eat the dinner she had carefully prepared for them. Laurent was perfectly at home in the shop, lolled in one chair with his feet in another, and smoked whenever he pleased.

He was never disturbed by the presence of Thérèse, he treated her with friendly familiarity, made little jokes and paid her common-place compliments, all of which never disturbed a muscle in her face. Camille laughed, and as his wife only answered his friend in

monosyllables he took it into his head that the two detested each other.

One day, he even went so far as to reproach Thérèse for her coldness, and what he was pleased to call her rudeness toward Laurent.

Laurent had managed most adroitly. He had become the lover of the wife, the friend of the husband, and the spoiled child of the mother. He had never been so comfortable in his life, and never once did he feel either compunction or shame when he thought of his position in this family. He was no longer cautious in mounting guard over his own looks or words, for he felt absolute reliance on his own instincts of prudence. When he saw Thérèse in the presence of her family, she became to him another woman, and he never troubled himself to ask what the result of a discovery would be. His very selfishness prevented him from now making a single false step.

Thérèse, infinitely more nervous, was obliged to play a rôle, and she played it to perfection, thanks to the hypocrisy which was the natural result of her education.

For more than fifteen years she had lied, using all her native energy to appear calm and indifferent, when in reality her whole nature was in revolt. It cost her little in these days to resume the mask into which she had trained her features.

When Laurent came into the shop he found her always there, with her grave, quiet look, her compres-

sed lips and waxen pallor, and it seemed to him there were two women — one whom he alone knew — a creature all flame and passion, and this other Thérèse who moved noiselessly about the shop with swift, gliding step. He looked at her at these times and said to himself:

"Yes, there is no doubt about it, she is certainly a very plain woman."

She, poor creature, found a depraved delight in deceiving Camille and Madame Raquin. She, unlike Laurent, was perfectly aware of the nature and extent of her crime, but she gloried in it and sometimes with difficulty restrained herself, as they all sat at table, from rising and going round to him, and with one hand on his shoulder, telling them all that he was her lover, and bidding them drive her forth from her roof with him.

Some days she was in such good spirits that she sang aloud. These sudden gayeties charmed her aunt, who had often felt that her niece was far too grave.

Thérèse bought flowers and placed them in the windows of the room, which she papered anew; she wanted curtains, carpets and rose-wood furniture. All this luxury was for Laurent.

Nature and circumstances seemed to have made this woman for this man, and to have drawn them together. The woman was a bundle of nerves, the man a mere brute. Were not these strong ties to bind them together? They completed each other and protected each other.

In the evening, in the yellow light of the lamp, a looker-on might have realized the strength of their union by looking from the stolid, smiling face of Laurent to the mute, impenetrable mask of the woman who sat opposite.

These were calm and quiet evenings—they all sat around the table talking of the thousand nothings of the day, of the occurrences of yesterday, of the morrow's anticipations.

Camille loved Laurent as much as so selfish a man could love any one, and to all appearance Laurent returned this affection; there was between them, an interchange of friendly phrases and looks. Madame Raquin, looked on at her three children as she called them, with a placid face.

Thérèse, to all appearance as tranquil as the others, seemed, however, indifferent to these common-place joys; but within her heart she sneered at them, and at these two simple-hearted creatures, who believed her to be their slave and beast of burthen. Laurent himself, for the moment, became to her only the friend of her husband—an intruder in whom she felt no interest. He was not the same man whom she had received the day before in the room above!

This atrocious comedy—the contrast between the passion of the day, and the feigned indifference of the evening—at times bewildered Thérèse, and she wondered which was the dream and which was the reality.

Sometimes, when Madame Raquin and Camille would

both leave the room for a moment, she would start from her chair, and crossing the room with a swift, rushing step, would press her lips to those of her lover, and remain thus until she heard their steps again on the stair. When the door opened, she was again in her place, with her face as calm as ever. It was like a flash of lightning in a clear sky.

On Thursdays, the evening was a little more animated. Laurent who, on these occasions was bored to death, nevertheless regarded it as his duty never to absent himself from one of these reunions; he felt as a measure of prudence that he ought to be known and liked by Camille's friends.

He therefore listened with all patience to Grivet's and Michaud's stories. Michaud's were always of murders and robberies: Grivet's were all about his superiors and his clerks.

The young man after a while took refuge with Olivier and Suzanne, who seemed to him less wearisome than the others.

It was on these Thursday evenings that Thérèse fixed the hour for their next meeting. In the confusion of departure, she would go up to Laurent and say a few words to him in a low voice, and even slip her hand in his.

For eight months this went on, Thérèse was perfectly happy and wished for nothing different; and Laurent, equally content, was only afraid that this most comfortable life would come to an end.

CHAPTER IX.

EVIL COUNSEL.

ONE afternoon as Laurent was leaving the office to go to Thérèse who was waiting for him, his Chef called him back, telling him that he could permit no more of these departures; adding, that dismissal would certainly follow if he went out again.

Nailed on his chair, he was in despair until night. As he had his bread to earn he could not disobey, and when he saw Thérèse that night he had no opportunity of explaining until just as he was leaving. Then, as Camille went down to shut the shop, he whispered hastily:

"We can see each other no more, my Chef refuses to allow me to leave the office."

Camille came back and Laurent could say no more, but was obliged to go away, leaving Thérèse quivering under this sudden and unexpected blow.

She passed a sleepless night, but her uncertainty was not many degrees relieved until the next Thursday, when she was again able to say a few words to her lover. Their anxiety was all the more unendurable as they could not even explain or discuss the question with each other.

Another appointment was swiftly made, and this too

was broken. From this moment, Thérèse determined at all cost to see Laurent.

A fortnight elapsed and not once had they met. He realized now that he loved her, that she had become necessary to him. He could have laughed a few months before had any one told him that he could become the slave of any woman to such a degree that his peace of mind was endangered; but he now knew that he was capable of any folly, any imprudence for her sake. This woman, with the swift, undulating movements of a snake, had possessed herself of every fibre of his being. He would certainly have committed some atrocious folly had he not received a letter from Thérèse bidding him remain at home the next evening, saying that she would be there about eight o'clock. When they left the office, he got rid of Camille, saying that he was far from well, and must go to his room and lie down.

Thérèse, after dinner, acted her little part also; she spoke of a debtor who had moved away without paying her bill, and declared that she would go for the money. This debtor resided at Batignolles. Madame Raquin pointed out to her that it was a long distance, but made no other objection and she started.

Thérèse hurried to the *Port-au-Vins*, elbowing her way through the crowd in her nervous excitement. She rushed up the stairs of the house in which Laurent resided. On the sixth flight, looking up, she beheld Laurent leaning over the railing waiting for her.

She entered the attic room, the window was open, and the wind closed the door behind her.

At last they could speak to each other in freedom, and form their plans for the future. They had so much to say that it was with a pang that Thérèse heard the clock strike ten. She would gladly have been deaf.

"I must go," she said, slowly.

Laurent took her hands in his.

"Au revoir!" she said, without moving.

"No! no!" he replied, "that is too vague, you must tell me when you will come again!"

She looked at him fixedly.

"You wish me to be frank, do you? Well! then, I think I shall never come again. There is no possible excuse that I can invent."

"Then we must say adieu."

"No, I will not."

She uttered these words with fierce anger. Then she added more gently, without knowing just what she said:

"I must go. I must go."

Laurent answered, slowly. He was thinking of Camille, but he did not name him.

"He is too much in our way. Is there nothing we can do to get rid of him? Could he not be sent on a long journey?"

"On a long journey?" repeated Thérèse. "No—" and she shook her head. "Is he the kind of man who would go on a journey? There is but one journey which he will ever take. But he will outlive us all; these people with delicate health always do."

Laurent was a little behind Thérèse. He said in a low voice, without looking at her:

"I dreamed last night that I was your husband. Do you understand?"

"Yes, I understand," answered Thérèse, with a shiver. Then, bursting into sobs, she cried:

"Oh! do not say these things, or I shall never have strength to leave you! Give me courage rather! Tell me that we shall still continue to see each other. Do you not need me, and shall we not some day find the means of living together?"

"Then come back to-morrow?" answered Laurent.

"But I cannot!" she cried. "I have no possible excuse." And she wrung her hands in despair.

"I am not afraid for myself," she continued. "It is for you, I tremble. I do not wish to disturb your life, I wish you to be happy."

The man's natural prudence was aroused.

"You are right," he said, "we must not behave like children. If your husband were to die —"

"If my husband were to die —" repeated Thérèse, slowly.

"We could marry, and we should have no one and nothing to fear. How sweet would our lives be then!"

Thérèse was still standing. Her dark eyes seemed to pervade her pale face. Her lips trembled nervously.

"People die sometimes," she said at last, in a hoarse voice; "but it is dangerous for those who survive!"

Laurent did not reply.

"You see," she continued, "there is danger in all known methods."

"You must not misunderstand me," he said calmly. "I am not a fool. I only wish to be able to love you, and to live with and for you. But I was thinking that if some accident should take place — they do, almost daily — a fall, or a tile from a roof, you know. In the latter event, no one is to blame, for the wind alone is responsible."

He spoke in a strange voice. He smiled faintly, and added, in a caressing tone:

"Go, now, and rest your soul in peace; we shall be happy yet. I will settle every thing! If it must be that we do not meet again for months, do not forget me; remember that I am planning our Future."

He took Thérèse in his arms. She still stood holding the door open.

"You belong to me," he continued. "You swear to be mine, whenever I summon you to my side?"

"Yes," she cried, "I will come whenever you make me the slightest sign."

They stood looking for a moment into each other's eyes. Then Thérèse tore herself away, and without turning her head, glided down the stairs. Laurent listened to her footsteps until they died away, and were lost in the street outside.

When all was still, he went back to his room, which seemed to him still full of the presence of this woman who had just left him. He perceived the odor of

violets, that always clung about her garments. He threw himself on the bed, and lying on his back with clenched hands outstretched, he looked up at the square of dark-blue sky, made by the open window in the roof.

All night long that same idea floated through his brain. Before Thérèse came, the idea of Camille's death or murder had never entered his mind. He had spoken of it on the impulse of the moment — under the irritating pressure of the thought that he could never again see this woman, as he had been seeing her.

It was thus that a new side of his nature was revealed to him. He had dreamed of assassination between two adulterous kisses.

As he lay there in the silence and darkness of the night, he pondered over the possibility of this murder, calculated the chances and also enumerated the advantages which Camille's death would bring to him.

All his interests impelled him to crime. He said to himself that his father, the peasant at Jeufosse, had evidently no intention of dying. He might be obliged to remain a clerk for years more, eating his dinner in any *crêmerie* without a home or a wife.

If, however, Camille should chance to die, he would marry Thérèse, who of course would inherit all that Madame Raquin had to leave. He could then resign his position and pass his days as idly as he pleased.

Then he began to picture the various enjoyments of

this idle life, in which he could placidly await his father's death. Suddenly he remembered that Camille was the only obstacle, and he raised his hand to strike him to the earth. Laurent realized that if Camille lived, Camille's wife would be lost to him. She had said to him that she could never come there again. He knew though that she would leave her home with him at any hour he chose; but how could they live, if she did that?

He risked less in killing her husband. There need be no scandal — he merely pushed one man aside, and stepped into his place. In his brutal logic, this peasant-born man decided that this plan was excellent and natural.

He buried his face in the pillow; beads of sweat burst out on his brow, as he asked himself in what way he could best kill Camille. Then, when he could not breathe, he flung himself over on his back, and with wide-open eyes, received full in the face the gusts of fresh air from the window, and sought in the stars and in the blue sky, murderous counsel and a plan of assassination. But he obtained no suggestions. As he had said to Thérèse, he was neither a fool nor a child; and did not propose to adopt a dagger or poison. He intended to execute his design in a more stealthy way, without noise and without excitement. Passion no longer blinded him; he recognized the necessity and importance of prudence. He was too fond of his ease to risk it in any way. Was not his reason for wishing

to commit a murder, that he might live in peace and comfort?

By degrees sleep overtook him, and as his eyes closed, Laurent decided that he would seize the first favorable occasion; and his thoughts becoming momentarily vaguer, resolved themselves into the phrase repeated over and over again:

"Yes, I will kill him! yes, I will kill him!"

It was with these words on his lips that he fell asleep, and in five minutes more, was breathing as regularly and softly as a sleeping child.

Thérèse entered her house as the clock was striking eleven. With her brain on fire, she faced her mother-in-law and Camille, who had both began to feel very anxious. She answered their questions coldly, saying that she had not succeeded in the business on which she went, and that she had spent a whole hour waiting on the sidewalk for an omnibus.

After she was in bed, she lay for some time looking at Camille's pale face—paler now than ever—in the flickering light of the night taper. She shuddered with intense repugnance, and drew herself to the very edge of the couch.

CHAPTER X.

UNSUSPECTED ASSASSINS.

ALMOST three weeks elapsed. Laurent came to the shop as usual, almost every evening. He complained of not feeling well. He moved as if he were weary, and dark shadows were under his eyes, while his lips were unnaturally pale.

But his manner was much the same as usual, particularly toward Camille, whom he treated with especial friendliness. Madame Raquin petted this child of her adoption more than usual, as he seemed to her far from well.

Thérèse was as calm and grave as ever — perhaps more cold and reserved. She never noticed Laurent, never addressed him — treated him, in fact, with absolute indifference. Madame Raquin, whose kind heart was quite disturbed by her manner, said to the young man:

"You must not mind my niece. Her face is cold, but underneath she is goodness itself, and her heart is warm and true."

The two lovers had never seen each other alone since that evening, in *la Rue Saint-Victor*. In the evening, as they sat there with Camille and his mother, what storms of passion dashed against these calm stony

faces. Thérèse was in a passion of revolt, while Laurent was a prey to brutal temptations and poignant indecisions. They did not dare, either of them, to question their own hearts, or to look down into the depths of their natures, through the dark mist that filled their brains. When they could, they grasped each other's hands, roughly and firmly; little would they have cared, had their fingers, like red-hot irons, carried away fragments of flesh adhering to them. This was all, they could never speak to each other. They waited.

One Thursday night, before they began their usual game of dominos, the guests of the Raquin family had, as usual, their little chat. One of their favorite topics of conversation was to question old Michaud in regard to the strange and sinister adventures which he had encountered in his life. Grivet and Camille heard these stories with the pale, frightened faces of little children who listened to Bluebeard or Hop-o-my-thumb. They were both terrified and amused.

That evening, Michaud told them of a horrible murder that had just taken place, and gave details that caused his hearers to shudder, one and all, adding in conclusion:

"And you have no idea how many crimes are committed and go unpunished, and how many assassins escape the hands of justice!"

"Do you mean," asked Grivet in astonishment, "that men walk the streets to-day, who ought to be arrested and tried for murder?"

Olivier smiled disdainfully.

"My dear sir," he answered in his patronizing voice, "if they are not arrested, it is because their crimes are not known, of course."

This reasoning did not seem altogether satisfactory to Grivet, and Camille came to his assistance.

"I agree with Monsieur Grivet," he said, with an air of importance, "it is difficult for me to believe, with a police like ours, that I shall ever be elbowed by a murderer."

Oliver construed these words into a personal attack.

"Of course," he replied, with some heat, "of course our police is active enough. But we cannot do impossibilities. There are rascals who have learned crime in the devil's schools. Is not that so, father?"

"Indeed it is," answered old Michaud. "When I was at Vernon — you remember, Madame Raquin — a man was murdered. His body was found in a ditch, hacked to pieces. No one ever was able to lay his hand on the assassin. He is very likely living. Monsieur Grivet may meet him constantly. He may have seen him this very day."

Grivet turned deadly pale. He did not dare look around. He believed a murderer stood behind him.

"No, no," he stammered, hardly knowing what he said. "No, I will not believe that. I know another story, however. There was a servant imprisoned for having stolen from her mistress a silver spoon. Two months later a tree was cut down, and the spoon was

found in the nest of a magpie. The magpie was the thief. The servant was released. You see, the guilty are always punished."

Grivet chuckled with triumph, and Olivier sneered.

"Then," he said, "the magpie was imprisoned?"

"Monsieur Grivet did not say that," answered Camille, who did not like to see his *chef* made ridiculous. "Mother, where are our dominos?"

While Madame Raquin went for the box, the young man continued, addressing Michaud:

"You admit then, that the police are powerless—that there are murderers walking in the sunshine?"

"Unfortunately, there are," answered Michaud.

"That is very immoral!" said Grivet solemnly.

During this conversation, Thérèse and Laurent were perfectly silent. They had not even exchanged a smile at Grivet's folly. They listened with pale faces and averted eyes. Suddenly, they turned one glance on each other. Tiny drops of sweat burst out at the roots of the woman's hair, and Laurent shivered with the cold.

CHAPTER XI.

A DAY OF HORROR.

SOMETIMES on Sundays, when the weather was fine, Camille insisted on Thérèse going out with him for a little walk on the *Champs-Elysées*. She would greatly have preferred remaining in the damp darkness of the shop, for she could not endure to go out on her husband's arm, and stop with him before the shop windows, to hear his exclamations and reflections.

But Camille insisted, for he liked to show his wife to any of his colleagues whom he chanced to meet, and if he had an opportunity of bowing to one of his *chefs* when he was with Madame, he was greatly pleased.

He walked on almost without opening his lips, stiff and ill at ease in his Sunday clothes, while Thérèse suffered acutely at being dragged about by such a man. On the days of these walks, Madame Raquin accompanied her children to the end of the *Passage*, where she embraced them as if they were going on a long journey. She gave them many injunctions.

"Above all," she said, "look out for the carriages, there are so many in Paris. You promise me not to go into the crowd, don't you?"

At last she allowed them to depart, and stood looking after them as long as they were in sight. Then

she slowly returned to the shop. Her limbs were growing stiff, and she felt no longer equal to long walks.

Occasionally the young husband and wife left Paris and went on short excursions. They went to Saint-Ouen, or to Asnières, and dined at one of the restaurants on the shore of the lake. These were days that were planned for at least a month in advance, and were welcomed by Thérèse with positive pleasure. Saint-Ouen, with its green islands, recalled Vernon, and looking at the river, she was thrilled by the same vague strange joy that she felt when, as a child, she adored the Seine. She seated herself on the shore and dipped her hands in the water, and drank in new life and strength in the sunshine and fresh air.

While her dress was crushed and soiled by the damp stones and green turf, Camille carefully spread down his handkerchief before he took his seat by her side.

Laurent was generally with them, and greatly gladdened the day by his jests, and exhibitions of rude strength.

One Sunday Camille, Thérèse and Laurent started for Saint-Ouen about eleven o'clock, not long after breakfast. The plan had been arranged some time before, and this excursion would probably be the last of the season. Autumn was coming on, and the evenings were already very chilly.

On the morning of which we write, the sky was serenely blue. It was very warm in the sun, and even

in the shade it was soft and balmy. They decided, therefore, to start without delay.

The three friends took a *fiacre*, with much anxious advice from the old lady. They crossed Paris and left the *fiacre* at the Fortifications, and then walked to Saint-Ouen. The clock was striking twelve, the road was piled high with dust, and with the sun shining down upon it, was almost as dazzling as if covered with freshly-fallen snow. The air was becoming parched. Thérèse, on Camille's arm, was shaded by her parasol, while Camille fanned his face with a pocket-handkerchief.

Just behind them sauntered Laurent, who did not seem to feel the sun. He whistled, kicked a stone aside, and watched Thérèse with fierce, eager eyes.

When they reached Saint-Ouen, they looked about for some clump of trees where they might establish themselves in the shade. They passed over to one of the islands. The dead leaves rustled as they fell, and lay in rich brown and red heaps on the ground. The trunks of the trees stood up slender and erect, like gothic columns; the yellowing leaves massed together, were like a copper arch far above the heads of these persons, who slowly strayed down the forest glades. All around them they heard the ripple and splash of the Seine.

Camille selected a dry place and seated himself, carefully lifting his coat-tails. Thérèse, with a great rustling of stiff skirts, sank among the leaves, half

disappearing among the folds of her dress, from which emerged one slender foot.

Laurent lay on his face looking at this foot, while he listened to his friend inveighing against the Government, which he declared ought to change all these islands in the Seine to English gardens, with regular flower-beds, well-rolled paths, and carefully trimmed trees.

They lingered in this place for three or four hours, waiting until the sun was less hot that they might stroll about a little before dinner. Camille talked about his office, and related the most idiotic stories — then overcome by the heat, he put his head back and fell asleep pulling his hat down over his eyes. Thérèse for some time had been feigning sleep with her eyes shut. Then Laurent cautiously crept a little nearer, and kissed the tip of the slender foot, Thérèse still lying as motionless as if she were dead. Laurent thought her asleep.

He rose and stood leaning against a tree. Then he saw that she was looking up to the sky with wide open shining eyes. Her arms were uplifted and her hands joined above her head, while her face was deadly pale and rigid. Her sombre eyes were an abyss in which one saw only darkness. She did not move, nor did she look at Laurent. Her lover gazed at her, almost terrified at seeing her so motionless. He longed to stoop and close with a kiss the lids of those wide-opened eyes.

But Camille was within reach of her hand. He, poor fellow, was thinner and frailer than ever—and he snored as he slept; under his hat which covered only half his face, his mouth, distorted by sleep, was to be seen—large, brown freckles made his pallor seem more excessive, and his head was so thrown back, that his thin wrinkled throat was visible. Take him all in all, Camille at this moment was most exasperating and ignoble.

Laurent stood and looked at him, then with one sudden motion, lifted his foot. He was about to crush this face under his heel.

Thérèse choked back a cry, and turning very pale, she covered her eyes and cowered back, as if she expected her garments to be stained with blood, and Laurent, with uplifted foot, still stood just over Camille. Then, slowly he replaced his foot on the ground, and moved further off.

To kill this man in this way were to invite the police to detect him. He wished to disembarrass himself of Camille only to marry Thérèse; he intended to live in the sunshine after the crime, as the undiscovered murderer, of whom old Michaud had spoken. He went down to the river side, and sat listening to the ripple of the river with a stupid air. Then with a swift, sudden movement, he returned to the group he had left. He had arranged a way of committing this murder which would be, for him, absolutely without danger.

He awoke the sleeper by tickling his nose with a

straw. Camille yawned, laughed, and thought the joke an excellent one. He always regarded Laurent as immensely amusing.

He then shook his wife by the shoulder — her eyes were still closed. When she felt his hand she started up, shook off the dried leaves from her skirts, and the three walked down the path, breaking off the twigs from the hedges as they passed. They emerged upon the wide road, full of people, in their Sunday garb. Women and men were talking and singing; the sun alone preserved its wonted tranquillity; it was slowly sinking and throwing long lines of rosy light over the white highways. A light breeze had sprung up and the air was becoming deliciously fresh. Camille did not offer his arm to Thérèse; he was talking with Laurent, laughing at his friend's dexterous manner of throwing stones and leaping the ditches to which they came.

Thérèse kept at some little distance in the rear, and on the other side of the road. She stooped from time to time, to gather a sprig of grass.

"Hollo! Are not you hungry?" finally shouted Camille.

"Yes," she answered, slowly, "yes, I am hungry."

"Then, come on!"

Thérèse was not hungry, she was merely tired and very anxious. She did not know what Laurent meant to do, and her limbs trembled to that degree that she could hardly walk.

The three now went along the shore looking for a

restaurant, and finally established themselves upon a wooden terrace attached to an eating house, the air of which was charged with the odors of cooking and of wine. The house was noisy; shouts of laughter, fragments of songs came from every room, accompanied with the clatter of dishes; the thin partition walls allowed every sound to be heard, and the stairs trembled beneath the heavy tread of the waiters.

Above, however, on the terrace, the wind from the river blew freshly, and the air was purer. Thérèse, leaning against the balustrade, looked off on the Quai. On the right and on the left, stretched a long line of wine shops and stalls, and under the arbors, between the sparse and yellow leaves, there were gleams of white table linen; a dash of color in the women's skirts, and the black coats worn by the men—people were hurrying to and fro, and above the noise of the crowd rose the lamentable notes of an hand-organ, while an odor of frying and of dust filled the air.

Just under Thérèse, some *filles* from the Quartier Latin were holding each other's hands and dancing like little children — their worn faces and weary eyes brightened as they danced, while several students, smoking their clay pipes, watched them with coarse laughs and jests.

On the hills across the Seine, hung a soft purplish haze, in which the trees seemed to float.

"Well! waiter," cried Laurent, leaning over the staircase, "are we never to have dinner?"

Then as if with a second thought, he added, turning to Camille:

"Suppose we take a little row on the water, before dinner. Then our chicken will be better roasted, and indeed I can't tell what we shall do with ourselves if we don't go off in one of the boats, for we have nearly an hour to wait."

"As you choose," answered Camille, carelessly, "but Thérèse is hungry, I think."

"No, I can wait," said Thérèse, hastily, meeting a peculiar look from Laurent.

They went back to the water; as they passed the counter, they engaged a table and arranged their menu, saying they would be back in an hour. They found a boatman and bade him bring up his boats. Laurent selected from among them, one that was very slender and light.

Camille drew back.

"No, no," he said, "that boat can't be safe."

The truth was Camille was mortally afraid of the water. At Vernon, his health had been too delicate for him to paddle in the Seine with other children; while they swam and dabbled in the water, he pulled a double blanket over him and shivered. Laurent became an intrepid swimmer and an excellent oarsman, while Camille retained all that fear of the water felt by women and children. He stamped with one foot on the bottom of the boat to test its strength.

"Come on!" cried Laurent, laughing. "I believe you are trembling."

Camille warily stepped over the gunwale and staggered to the further end. When he had seated himself, he felt more comfortable and made several feeble jokes to demonstrate that his courage was undaunted.

Thérèse stood grave and motionless on the shore, by the side of her lover, who held the boat with one hand. He turned aside a little and said in a low, rapid voice:

"I intend to throw him into the river. Do just as I tell you, and only as I tell you—and I will answer for all."

The young woman turned ghastly pale. She stood as if glued to the ground, her eyes wide open, and she herself as rigid as if carved from stone. A terrible struggle was going on within her soul, she exercised the most determined self-control, for she feared lest she should burst into tears, or fall unconscious.

"Ah! ah!" cried Camille. "Look at Thérèse, Laurent. It is she who is afraid! She won't go out in the boat. I know she won't."

He was stretched out in the bottom of the boat, and laughed and sneered at her wretched cowardice. Thérèse turned her eyes upon him with the strangest expression. The poor jests of this unfortunate man were like the sting of a lash across her face, driving her to madness.

Suddenly she jumped into the boat. Laurent took up the oars and the boat left the shore, and slowly took the direction toward the Islands. Twilight was slowly creeping on. Heavy shadows lay under and

about the trees, while the water was black close to the shore.

In the centre of the river there were long lines of silvery brightness. The boat was soon in the centre of the Seine. There all the noise from the Quais were so softened that they were not unpleasant, and the voices came across the water with melancholy sweetness. The odor of frying and the stifling dust were no longer perceived, and the air was almost cold.

Laurent ceased rowing, and allowed the boat to drift with the current.

Opposite, rose the brown shadows of the Islands. The two shores of the river stretched out like two broad bands of brown and gray, almost meeting at the horizon line. The water and the sky seemed made of the same stuff. There is nothing more utterly silent and dreary than an autumnal twilight, the air has a little chilly shiver, and the dried leaves flutter slowly down. The fields and meadows feel that Death is near at hand, and one universal plaint of despair rises to Heaven, while the shadows of night fall like a pall over the scene. No one of the three persons in the boat uttered a word—they looked up at the cold, gray sky as they drifted on, and at the daylight lingering among the topmost branches of the trees.

They were approaching the Islands. The landscape was blurred by the evening mist, and the sky, the river, the distant hills and the Islands, were soft, indistinct masses.

Camille lay with his head over the boat and his hands in the water.

"Thunder! how cold it is! I should not like to tumble into the water."

Laurent made no reply. His eyes had been riveted on the two shores, first on one and then the other. He clenched his huge hand as it lay on his knee. Thérèse rigid and motionless, waited, holding her breath.

The boat entered the little inlet that runs up between the two Islands, from the other side of which came over the land the songs of the boatmen on the Seine—but no one was to be seen.

Then Laurent rose and grasped Camille around the body—Camille laughed aloud.

"No," he said, "don't tickle me here! This is no place for fool play. Stop that! I shall certainly go over!"

Laurent's grasps became still closer. Camille turned and saw the terrible expression on his friend's face. He did not understand it, but felt a certain vague fright. He uttered a faint cry, but a fierce hand choked it in his throat.

With the instinct of a beast turning to defend itself, he lifted himself on his knees, and clung to the edge of the boat with both hands. He struggled thus for some moments.

"Thérèse! Thérèse!" he called, in a thick, hoarse voice.

His wife remained motionless, her hands clutching

the plank on which she sat—the boat rocking on the water. She could not turn her eyes away; they were stretched wide open and fixed on the horrible sight before her. Tongue and soul seemed alike paralyzed.

"Thérèse! Thérèse!" called the poor wretch once more.

At this last appeal Thérèse burst into tears. Her nerves gave way, and she fell shuddering and cowering into the bottom of the boat.

Laurent shook Camille free from his clutch on the boat, and then as if he had been a child, lifted him in the air; the unfortunate wretch with one last, mad struggle, bit his murderer in the neck. Laurent, restraining a cry of pain, threw Camille into the river.

He sank with one wild, despairing cry, he rose to the surface two or three times, uttering hoarse cries for aid. Laurent lost not one second. He raised the collar of his coat to hide his wound. Then he snatched Thérèse in his arms and sprang into the water, shouting for help.

The boatmen whom he had heard rounding the point of the Island, arrived on the scene almost instantly. They at once saw that an accident had taken place, and took Thérèse into their boat. While Laurent, refusing to be assisted until they had searched for his friend, led them to just those points where he knew he could not be. He was dragged from the water in a state of despair.

"It is all my fault!" he cried, tearing his hair. "I ought not to have allowed this poor boy to dance and move about in the boat as he was doing. I ought to have cautioned him that if we were all three on the same side of the boat at one time, that we should certainly upset it. As he sank he implored me to save his wife, poor fellow!"

There were among the boatmen, as almost always happens, two or three young men who wished to be supposed to have seen the accident.

"Yes, we saw it!" they said. "Did the poor devil think a boat was as solid as a ball room floor? Poor little woman! It will be pretty hard for her when she comes to herself!"

They took up their oars and rowed to the shore. They then carried Laurent and Thérèse to the Restaurant where dinner was waiting for them.

All Saint-Ouen heard of the accident in another five minutes. The boatmen related it as if they had been eye witnesses, and a crowd gathered before the door.

The keeper of the Restaurant and his wife were good, kind people, who placed their wardrobes at the service of the strangers. When Thérèse recovered consciousness she had a nervous attack, burst into wild, agonized sobs, and then fainted again.

Thus did Nature lend her aid to the sinister comedy that was being played. When the young woman was finally quieted, Laurent intrusted her to the care of

the woman who kept the Restaurant. He wished to go back to Paris alone, and at once to carry the frightful intelligence to Madame Raquin. The truth was that he did not wish Thérèse to meet her mother-in-law just then. He preferred that she should have some little time alone, in which to study her part.

It was the boatmen who ate the dinner ordered by Camille.

CHAPTER XII.

A MOTHER'S GRIEF.

LAURENT, in the dark corner of the Diligence which took him to Paris, had ample time in which to ripen his plan. He felt almost certain of immunity. A certain feverish joy—joy that the long thought-of crime had been accomplished, filled his soul.

When he reached the *Barrière de Clichy*, he took a *fiacre* and drove to Michaud's in *la Rue de Seine*. It was then nine o'clock. He found the old man at table with Olivier and Suzanne. He went to this house to seek protection, in case any suspicion should rest on him, and also that he might avoid going himself to announce the calamity to Madame Raquin.

He shrank from doing this, for he knew that the poor old lady's despair would be so great that he doubted his ability to support it.

When Monsieur Michaud saw him come in, so strangely clothed in garments much too small for him, he looked up in surprise. Laurent related the accident in broken phrases as if exhausted by sorrow and fatigue.

"I came to you," he said, in conclusion, "as I did not know what to do with these two poor women, so

cruelly afflicted. I dare not go near the poor mother alone. I beg of you to come with me."

While he spoke, Olivier's eyes were fixed upon him with an expression that startled the murderer.

Laurent had deliberately come there among these men attached to the police, with an audacity that was almost unparalleled. But he could not restrain a shiver of dread when he felt their gaze. He saw distrust and suspicion where there was really nothing but astonishment and compassion.

Suzanne grew paler and paler, and with difficulty prevented herself from fainting. Olivier, who never liked to hear the word Death, scrutinized Laurent's face from habit, no suspicion of the horrible truth of course entering his head.

As to old Michaud, he uttered a series of exclamations—he fidgeted on his chair, clasped his hands, and raised his eyes to Heaven.

"What an awful thing!" he gasped. "A man goes off on a pleasure trip, and dies in this way! It is horrible! And then this Madame Raquin, his mother, what shall we say to her? Yes, certainly, you did right to come here, we will go with you."

He rose and wandered about the room looking for his hat and cane, all the time questioning Laurent as to the details of this catastrophe.

The four went out of the house together. When they reached the *Pont-Neuf*, Michaud stopped Laurent.

"Don't come any further—wait here," he said, "your

presence would startle her too much. She, poor mother, will suspect something, seeing us come in at this unusual hour, and will ask us questions. In that way, we may be able to manage the avowal. Wait for us here."

This arrangement was most acceptable to the murderer, who shuddered at the mere idea of entering that dark *Passage*. He walked up and down the sidewalk, and forgot for a minute or two at a time, why he was there and what had happened. He looked in at the shop windows, and whistled softly between his teeth. He remained in the street more than half an hour, and his cool-headed audacity slowly returned to him. He had not eaten a mouthful since morning, and began to feel very hungry; he entered a pastry cook's and stuffed himself with cakes.

In the Raquins' home, meanwhile, a heart-breaking scene was taking place. All at once, Madame Raquin had realized that some accident had happened to her son, and immediately demanded the truth with such despairing violence, that her old friend was almost heart-broken at her despair.

She threw herself on the floor and writhed as if in convulsions. Suzanne knelt at her side, and with a face of deadly pallor essayed to soothe her. Olivier and his father, distressed and dumb, did not know what to do.

Before the poor mother's eyes, rolled the turgid waters of the Seine. She saw her son lying far beneath them, and in the same moment, beheld him an infant

once again lying in his cradle. She had loved him, worshipped him for thirty years, all the more for the anxiety he had caused her, and now he had died far from her side—drowned like a dog in the dark, cold waters of the Seine.

She remembered the warm blankets with which she had so gently covered him. How much care and how much tenderness she had lavished on him, and now the end had come—he was drowned.

At this thought, Madame Raquin felt her throat contract. She thought, believed and hoped that she was dying—strangled by her despair.

Old Michaud went home as soon as possible, leaving Suzanne with the old lady, and hurried with Olivier to find Laurent, that they might go to Saint-Ouen at once.

They hardly exchanged a syllable as they went. They were each established in a corner of a *fiacre*, their faces wrapped in darkness, except as an occasional gas lamp cast a weird light into the carriage. The sinister event that had brought them together in this way and at this hour, had a most gloomy effect upon them. When they reached the Restaurant where they had left Thérèse, they found her lying with burning hands and face. They were told that the lady had a high fever.

The truth was, that Thérèse, feeling herself weak and cowardly, fearing that she might avow the truth in a moment of delirium, determined that it was much wiser to feign illness.

She did not speak; her eyes were closed nearly all the time. She pulled the bedclothes well up, half burying her face in the pillow, and listened with eager ears to all that was said around her.

But in the centre of the red light which pierced her eyelids, she still saw Laurent and Camille struggling on the edge of the boat, or the appalling vision of her husband coming, with dripping garments, to denounce her.

Old Michaud tried to console her, but she moved impatiently, and began to sob, convulsively.

"You had best leave her to herself, sir," said the keeper of the Restaurant. "She is very nervous still, and starts at the slightest noise. You see she must have some rest."

In the hall below there was a police agent, making inquiries about the accident. Michaud and his son, therefore, followed by Laurent, went down to find this man, to whom Olivier made his superior position at once known. After this, of course, there was little more to be done. The boatmen were still there, ready to tell the story in the smallest details, describing the manner in which the three persons fell into the river.

If Olivier and his father had had the slightest suspicion, this suspicion would have vanished before such testimony, given as they supposed, by ocular witnesses. But not for a moment had they doubted Laurent's veracity. They knew him to be the best friend of the dead man, and presented him as such to the agent of

police, who described him in his report as the young man who had thrown himself in the water to save Camille Raquin.

The next day the newspapers related the accident with a multiplicity of details. The unhappy mother, the inconsolable wife, the noble and courageous friend —all figured largely in these details, and in the police reports.

When all this was over and he had given his final testimony, Laurent felt a sense of profound security. From the moment when the teeth of his victim had fastened on his throat, he had moved almost mechanically, following the routine of a plan, long before arranged. The instinct of self-preservation alone dictated his words, looks and gestures.

But now, when he was certain of immunity, the blood again began to run in his veins with its usual calmness. The police had visited the scene of his crime, and the police had seen nothing — they were completely deceived, and he was safe. Warmth returned to his body, and activity to his limbs and to his mind.

He continued to act his rôle of despair with wonderful *aplomb*, while all the time within his soul, he was thinking of the woman who lay in the room above.

"We can not leave her here," he said to Michaud. "She is very possibly threatened with some severe illness. We ought to take her to Paris at once. Come, we must induce her to go with us."

He went up stairs, and in the presence of these other

men, implored Thérèse to rise and go to her mother-in-law's with them.

When the young woman heard the sound of his voice, she started and fixed her large affrighted eyes on his face. She did not reply, but slowly and with painful effort, rose to obey. The men went down stairs, and when she was ready, the woman of the establishment assisted her down the stairs and into a *fiacre*.

The brief journey was a very silent one. Laurent with unparalleled audacity and impudence, slipped his hand under the shawl of Thérèse and took her fingers in his. He could not see her face, for her head was bowed on her breast. He held her hand until they reached *la Rue Mazarin*. He felt this hand tremble, but she did not withdraw it. It seemed to both Laurent and Thérèse, that the blood of the one rippled into the veins of the other. In the silence and darkness, this fierce grasp of these two hands was as if they were employing all their strength to keep Camille's head under water.

When the *fiacre* stopped, Michaud and his son were the first to alight. Laurent took that opportunity to lean forward and say softly:

"Be strong, Thérèse. We have waited long for this. Be careful what you do. Remember!"

The young woman had not spoken once since her husband's death. Her pale, suffering lips now parted:

"I will remember," she said and with a shudder, in a faint, low voice.

Olivier held out his hand to assist her. Laurent then went to the shop. Madame Raquin had been put to bed; she was delirious, and threatened with a brain-fever. Thérèse dragged herself to her bed, and Suzanne assisted her to undress.

Seeing that all things were going smoothly, Laurent finally went off to his lair, in *la Rue Saint-Victor*.

It was after midnight. A fresh wind was blowing through the silent streets. The young man heard not one sound, except the echoes of his own foot-fall on the pavement, and he moved as cheerfully as if he had not a care in the world.

He had gotten rid of this troublesome friend. Not only was Camille safely put out of the way, but absolutely without danger to himself. He was now about to live in peace, and to marry Thérèse. He felt a great weight taken from his shoulders, and he breathed with ease once more, now that all hesitation and fear were conquered.

He was frightfully tired in body and mind, and when he entered his room, he threw himself on his bed and slept profoundly. During his sleep, light, nervous shivers contracted the muscles of his face.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE MORGUE.

THE next day Laurent awoke refreshed and thoroughly master of himself. The cold air coming in at the open window, stung his torpid blood to life. He with difficulty recalled the scenes of the past night. But for the agony of the wound in his throat, he might have believed that he had retired as usual at ten o'clock, after a calm, common-place evening.

This wound, however, was like a red-hot iron tearing his flesh, and when he stopped to think of it, he realized that the pain was intense. It seemed to him that a hundred needles were quivering in his flesh.

He loosened his shirt-collar and examined the wound in a wretched little mirror he had hung on the wall. The wound was large and red — as large as a two-cent piece. The skin had been torn away, and the flesh was red and inflamed. Blood had flowed down on his shoulder in slender streams. The wound was on the right side of his neck, under the ear. Laurent, with the mirror in his hand, was trying his best to see himself reflected in it.

He washed the wound in cold water, saying to himself that it would be healed in a few days. Then he dressed and went to his office as usual, where

he related the story with some agitation. When his colleagues heard his tale and read the notices in the journals, they regarded him as a veritable hero.

For a whole week, the employés of the bureau talked of this subject with ardent pride that one among them had been drowned. Grivet expressed his opinion on the folly of venturing in a boat on the Seine, when it was so easy to look down on the water from the bridges.

There was one thing that disturbed Laurent. The decease of Camille had not been legally proved. The husband of Thérèse was dead, but his body must be found before certain legal steps could be taken.

The day after the accident, search had been made for the body of Camille, but without success; it was supposed that it had been drawn by an eddy into some hole, where it could not be recovered, although many persons were searching for it.

Laurent made it his duty to stop every day at the Morgue on his way to the office. Notwithstanding the horror he felt each time he crossed the threshold of this building, he went there regularly every day for a week, and moved in succession to each one of the cold bodies extended on the stones.

The very air of the place made him ill, when he entered—the dampness of the air seemed to weigh him down. He went directly to the glass door that commanded a view of all the bodies, and with his face pressed against the glass, looked at each in turn. The bodies were nude, while the clothes hung against the

wall — there was a never-ceasing sound of running water. He felt no interest in any of the bodies save those of persons who had been drowned; at these he looked intently, with the hope of recognizing Camille. Sometimes he hesitated for a moment, thinking he had found him, and one morning he was sure.

Each time he thought he recognized Camille, Laurent felt his heart burn hotly within him. His visits to the Morgue gave him the most horrible dreams at night, and caused him to tremble at his own shadow; but he shook off these fears, called himself a child, and determined to be strong; but, in spite of himself, his flesh revolted, disgust and horror filled his soul.

The Morgue is a spectacle within the reach of all purses, poor and rich patronize it. The door is open, any one can go in who chooses, and there are some persons with tastes so morbid that they regard that day as incomplete, when they have not been to the Morgue, and when the stone slabs are vacant, they go away muttering their dissatisfaction. When the slabs are filled, the visitors crowd up — give utterance to their emotions of horror, surprise and admiration, much as if at a theatre, and finally retire, saying that the Morgue has been a success that day.

Laurent soon knew the public of this place — there were workmen who came in with their tools under their arms—these men thought Death very amusing. Among them were many who had their little jokes, uttered, to be sure, in unsteady voices. Then came elderly men

who lounged in because they had nothing else to do. There were also many women to be seen there; young sewing women with their fresh percale robes, and white collars and cuffs, who opened their eyes with earnest attention, as if in a milliner's shop, and there were still other women — women of the people, who looked sad and impressed. Among these too, were well-dressed ladies—their silken skirts dragging on the ground.

One day, Laurent saw one of this latter class, standing motionless near the glass—a fine linen cambric handkerchief pressed to her nostrils. She wore a dress of soft, gray silk, with a large mantle of black lace — her face was covered with a vail and her gloved hands were small and slender. In her belt and at her breast, were clusters of fresh violets. Upon a stone lay the body of a tall, well-made man, who had been killed by falling from a scaffolding—he looked as if he were carved in marble. The lady seemed to regard him as such, for she could hardly tear herself away.

At the end of a week, Laurent felt that he could bear no more. He dreamed every night of the bodies he had seen in the morning. He determined that he would go but once more. The next day, when he entered the Morgue, he received a violent shock — opposite him lay Camille, with his eyes half open.

The murderer slowly approached, unable to turn his eyes from his victim. He did not suffer — he was conscious only of a sense of great cold. He stood immovable for five minutes, lost in contemplation, engraving

on his memory all these horrible lines, and all the colors of this appalling picture.

Camille was indeed appalling; he had been for a fortnight in the water, and his countenance, therefore, was strangely altered, but its predominant expression was grief and terror.

When Laurent had satisfied the curiosity that held him motionless, he turned and departed; for an hour he walked on the Quai. He then went to find Michaud and told him that the body of Camille lay at the Morgue.

All necessary legal formalities were quickly arranged; the body was claimed and interred, and Laurent, tranquil and at ease, began to forget his crime, and the painful scenes that had followed it.

CHAPTER XIV.

AUNT AND NIECE.

THE shop in the *Passage du Pont-Neuf* was closed for three days. When it was again opened, it seemed darker and damper than before. The windows, with their scanty stock in trade, looked yellow and dreary. Behind the fluted caps, appeared the face of Thérèse paler than ever.

All the gossips of the neighborhood peered in at the window to look at the young widow, and the woman with the imitation jewelry opposite, pointed her out to her friends with an air of pride and proprietorship, as an interesting curiosity.

For three days, Madame Raquin and Thérèse remained in their separate rooms without seeing each other. The poor old lady, half sitting up in bed, supported by pillows, looked with fixed, almost idiotic eyes, straight before her. The death of her son had been a frightful blow to her. She lay for hours, inert and motionless, wrapped in her despair; then, all at once, a nervous attack would come on followed by delirium.

Thérèse, in the next room, seemed to sleep; she lay with her face toward the wall, and the coverlid drawn over her head. She lay rigid and motionless, without

a sob or a long-drawn breath once lifting the sheets that covered her.

Suzanne, who took care of these two women, went softly from one to the other, leaning with waxen face, first over one couch and then the other, but Thérèse never addressed her, and Suzanne could not arouse her nor console Madame Raquin, who, at the first condolence, only burst into fresh floods of tears.

The third day, Thérèse suddenly threw back the bedclothes and sat up in her bed with a certain feverish haste. She knotted up her hair, that had fallen loosely about her shoulders, and then pressing her head tight between her two hands, seemed to be thinking intently. She then dropped her feet to the floor. She was flushed with fever, and tottered as she walked. She had grown ten years older.

Suzanne coming in at that moment, seemed surprised at seeing her up, and begged her to return to bed and try and sleep a little longer. Thérèse, however, did not listen, but with trembling hands began to make her toilette. When dressed, she stood and looked at herself in a mirror, rubbed her eyes, and then passed both hands over her face as if to efface something. Then, without one word, she crossed the dining-room, and entered the presence of Madame Raquin.

The old lady was at that moment calm and quiet. When Thérèse entered, she slowly turned and gazed at the young widow, who stood before her dumb and oppressed. The two women contemplated each other

for some minutes, the niece with increasing anxiety, and the aunt struggling dimly with her memory. At last, as the truth rushed before her, Madame Raquin extended her arms, and closely folding Thérèse to her breast, she cried:

"My poor child! My poor Camille!"

She wept, and her tears dried on the burning hands of the widow who concealed her own dry eyes. Thérèse did not speak. Since the murder she had dreaded this first interview, and had remained in bed to avoid it as long as possible, that she might reflect uninterruptedly on the terrible rôle she was to play. When she saw that Madame Raquin was calmer, she moved around the room, putting it in order, and talking to her aunt, advising her to rise and go down to the shop.

The poor old lady had fallen almost into a state of second childhood, but the sudden appearance of her niece had done her great good and brought back both her memory and the consciousness of what was going on about her. She thanked Suzanne for all her kindness, her voice was faint and weak, but her mind was clear. Tears rose to her eyes constantly, and as she watched Thérèse moving about, she would call her to her side, and embracing her with sobs, would tell her that she now had no one else in the world.

That evening she tried to rise and to eat. Thérèse then, for the first time, realized the terrible shock her aunt had received. The limbs of the poor old lady

could no longer support her. She needed a cane and the arm of Thérèse to cross the room.

Early the next morning, she insisted that the shop should be opened, and said she should go mad if she remained in her room any longer. She descended the stairs with infinite difficulty, and seated herself behind the counter where from this day forth she was nailed—a picture of patient grief.

Thérèse, by her side, dreamed and waited. The shop resumed its wonted air of dull activity.

CHAPTER XV.

CONDOLENCES.

LAURENT was often there, and came in the evening two or three times each week. He would remain in the shop about a half hour talking to Madame Raquin without looking Thérèse in the face. The old lady regarded him as the preserver of her niece, and as having done all in his power to rescue her son. She always received him with kindness and tenderness.

One Thursday evening, Laurent was there when old Michaud and Grivet entered. The clock was striking eight, and they each had come to the conclusion, without consulting the other, that it was now time for them to resume their old habits which were so dear to them. They arrived almost at the same moment, as if moved by the same spring, followed by Olivier and Suzanne.

They ascended to the dining-room. Madame Raquin who had expected no one, hastened to light the lamp and make the tea. When all were seated around the table, on which the box of dominos had been turned out, the poor mother looked round upon them all, and burst into tears.

There was one chair vacant — that of her son. This despair threw cold water on the little circle—every face wore an expression of annoyance rather than of grief, for they had never loved Camille.

"Come now, dear lady," cried old Michaud, with some impatience in his tone, "you must not give way like that, you will make yourself ill."

"We are all mortal," interposed Grivet.

"Your tears will not bring back your son," said Olivier sententiously.

"Please try and control yourself," murmured Suzanne, "you make us all so unhappy."

But Madame Raquin continued to sob.

"Come now, dear lady," repeated Michaud, "keep up your courage. We came here to amuse you, and you must not make us miserable. Try and forget. Take a hand in this game, won't you?"

The old lady restrained her tears with almost superhuman effort. Perhaps she realized the intense egotism of her guests. She dried her eyes and took up the dominos in her trembling hands, but she could not see them through the tears that welled up under her lashes.

They began to play.

Laurent and Thérèse had looked on at this brief scene with grave, impassive faces. The young man was enchanted that these Thursday réunions were again in order, for they were essential to his plans. Now surrounded by all these people he ventured to look Thérèse full in the face.

She was dressed in black, paler and graver than ever. It seemed to him that her beauty had acquired a new character. He was rejoiced to see her turn her eyes on him with calm self-possession, for he saw in her face that she belonged to him body and soul.

CHAPTER XVI.

INDECISION.

FIFTEEN months later, the bitterness of the first loss had been softened to the poor mother, but each day she felt more discouraged and weary of life.

Laurent and Thérèse saw the days drift on, and the task of analyzing their emotions is a most delicate and difficult one.

Laurent now went regularly every evening to the shop, just as he had done when Camille was living, but he never dined there now. He would come in late, about palf-past nine, and remain until he had closed the shop. He seemed to feel that it was his duty to serve these two lonely women. If it so happened that some unforeseen event prevented his appearing as usual he apologized with all the humility of a menial.

On Thursday evening he assisted Madame Raquin to light her fire and do the honors of the house. His watchful aid charmed the old lady. Thérèse looked on quietly, the peculiar pallor of her countenance had vanished; she seemed in better health. She smiled often and was less silent than formerly.

About her mouth, however, there was a certain nervous contraction, and also two deep lines, imparting to her face a look of pain that amounted almost to terror.

The two lovers were no longer eager to see each other alone. They had never exchanged a kiss since the death of Camille. In killing him they had slain the eagerness of their passion.

They might have met, however, as often as they pleased. Madame Raquin, childish and almost helpless, was no obstacle. The house belonged virtually to Thérèse. She could come in or go out precisely as she pleased; but no temptation offered itself. She was perfectly willing to remain behind the counter all day long, and she and Laurent sat in the shop, conversing calmly, looking in each other's faces without a quickened pulse or heightened color, and almost seemed to have forgotten their previous madness. They even avoided meeting each other alone, for they felt that in that case they would meet too coldly. When their hands accidentally touched, a little shiver ran through both, accompanied by a sense of uneasiness that almost amounted to disgust.

They explained their conduct to themselves, however, in a way that was entirely satisfactory. They said their coldness arose from prudence, and their shivers and repugnance were caused by the memory of that terrible night.

Sometimes they each tried to hope — to revive those dreams which had cost them so much — and were astonished to find their imaginations literally empty. They consoled themselves, however, with the conviction that when once married, and saw their aim

achieved, their passion would revive and they would realize all their delicious dreams. This hope soothed them and prevented them from realizing the depth of the abyss that now yawned between them. They persuaded themselves that they still loved each other, as in the past, and that they only waited for the priest to sanction their union, for happiness to be theirs.

Never had Thérèse been calmer or in better spirits. Her nerves were no longer on the stretch, and she was thankful as she lay in her bed, that she no longer heard or saw Camille. She tried to forget her brief married life, and to believe that she was again a girl. Her large, cool room, with its high ceiling and dark corners, pleased her, and she even went so far as to love the black wall that rose before her window. She liked to look at it and note the slow growth of the lichens in the crevices, and then raise her eyes to the narrow glimpses of the starry sky above. She rarely thought of Laurent except when she awoke with a start in the night, and then she said, as she shivered and shook, that when she was married again, she should not be alone at night, and therefore should not be frightened. She regarded her lover somewhat in the light of a watch-dog, who would protect her; otherwise she never thought of his presence.

During the day, when she was in the shop, she could occupy her thoughts with other things, and was no longer wrapped in sullen plans of revolt and vengeance.

She did not like to think—she wished to act. From

morning until night, she watched the people who passed the door. Their bustle and hurry amused her. She became curious about her neighbors and fond of gossip. She became a woman, in fact—for up to this time, she had thought and felt as a man.

She began to notice, from her seat behind the counter, a young man—a student—who lived in the vicinity, and who passed the shop constantly. This young fellow had a certain beauty of face, with the long hair of a poet, and the moustache of a calvary officer. Thérèse thought him very *distingué*, and cherished for at least a week a school-girl fancy for him. She read many romances in these days, and comparing the young man to Laurent, she found the latter too stout and too heavy. Her reading opened to her a new world. She had hitherto loved only with her blood and her nerves; she now loved with her head.

Finally the student disappeared; he had probably moved to some other quarters, and Thérèse forgot him.

She subscribed to a circulating library, and fell in love with all the heroes of the books she read. This sudden passion for reading had a strange effect upon her character, and she acquired a nervous sensibility which caused her to laugh or weep almost without knowing why. Her former equilibrium was totally upset. She had a way of relapsing into long reveries, from which some thought of Camille aroused her with a start of terror and a longing for Laurent's presence, and the safety which he would bring.

Sometimes she wished to marry her lover at once, and then again she was tempted to fly and never see him more. The novels which spoke to her of woman's chastity and man's honor, put a strong obstacle between her instincts and her wishes. She was still the wretch who had violated her duties as a wife, and had looked on at the murder of her husband; but she had at least a dim perception of goodness and sweetness, and understood the docility of Olivier's wife. She realized at last that she could not kill her husband and expect to be happy.

From the moment that this conclusion forced itself upon her, she lived in a state of cruel indecision.

Laurent, on his side, had passed through different phases of fever and repose. At first he enjoyed immense tranquillity, and felt as if relieved from an enormous weight. He questioned himself occasionally in astonishment, and asked if he had not had a bad dream—if he had really thrown Camille into the water, and if he had really seen his body lying at the Morgue.

The memory of his crime was an ever-recurring surprise to him, for he never would have believed himself capable of committing a murder—cold beads of sweat burst out on his brow when he thought his crime might yet be discovered. He felt the knife of the guillotine on his neck at such moments. He had acted with the headstrong blindness of a brute. Now he turned, and seeing the abyss he had leaped, was faint and sick.

"I was mad," he thought, "this woman had intoxicated me with her caresses—I risked the guillotine, and for what? I know very well, if I were to live over the past year, that I should do very differently."

Laurent now became very cautious and prudent in every act and word. He grew very stout, and moved slowly and ponderously. No one in the world, looking at his enormous body, apparently without nerves or bones, would ever have dreamed of accusing him of violence and cruelty.

He resumed all his former habits, and for several months was a model employé, performing each one of his duties with exemplary fidelity. He dined every night at a Crêmerie in *la Rue Saint-Victôr*, cutting his bread into the thinnest possible slices, and prolonging his repast as much as possible. Then he leaned back against the wall and smoked his pipe. Any one would have taken him for a good natured father of a family.

He thought only of his business during the day, and at night his sleep was heavy and dreamless. Sleeping well, eating well, warmed and clothed, he was happy.

He thought of Thérèse as a man thinks of a woman who is to be his wife at some future time. He waited for the hour of his marriage with patience, and forgetting the wife he was to have, thought only of the new position which would be his. He would then leave his office, and again amuse himself with painting.

These thoughts took him every evening to the shop,

in spite of the vague uneasiness that assailed him whenever he entered it.

One Sunday, not knowing just what to do, he went to call on the old college friend, the painter with whom he had lived so long.

The artist was working on a picture which he intended to send to the salon, and which represented a nude Bacchante lying on some rich stuff. At the back of the *atelier* the model was posed. In this model he recognized an old aquaintance, with whom his relations were re-established within twenty-four hours. He never asked himself if this were not infidelity to Thérèse, or how she would like it if she were to know it. He was happier, that was all.

The term of mourning for Camille was now drawing to an end, and one day the young widow appeared in a light dress, and Laurent thought he had never seen her so lovely. He never felt at ease with her now, however, for she was full of strange caprices, shedding tears or laughing—without rhyme or reason. He divined her indecision and her struggles, and began himself to hesitate—being in great fear lest he should sacrifice his own daily peace by marrying a woman who had already affected his nerves to such a degree, that he had perilled his neck for her sake.

He did not reason this out; he felt by instinct that to marry Thérèse would make of his life a daily penance.

It was now fifteen months since Camille's death, and

quite time for their marriage. For one moment Laurent thought seriously of giving up the whole affair and turning a cold shoulder on Thérèse. Then he said to himself, that if he did this, he should have committed a murder for nothing; recalling the crime and the terror of that day, he felt that if he did not now marry this woman he had uselessly perilled his neck. To rob a man of his wife and then drown him, wait fifteen months to marry his widow and then decide to throw her over for the sake of a little model, seemed to him simply ridiculous. Besides, was he not allied to Thérèse by a tie of blood and of horror—she was his and he hers!

He was afraid of his accomplice. How could he be sure that she, if he did not marry her, would not expose him through jealousy and crime. These ideas began to trouble him.

About this time, his model deserted him. She had probably found more comfortable quarters.

Laurent was not profoundly afflicted, although he certainly missed her. He went, that evening, to the shop, more than usually desirous of seeing Thérèse. She was strangely thrilled by the passion in his eyes.

When he assisted her to close the shop, he caught her hand and said something, in a low voice:

She drew back.

"No, no," she said, hastily. "If you wish me to be your wife, I am ready."

CHAPTER XVII.

IN THE SILENT WATCHES OF THE NIGHT.

LAURENT left the shop greatly disturbed. These words uttered by Thérèse had brought back much of the old feeling. He took the street by the Quais, and walked with his hat in his hand in order to cool his hot and throbbing head.

When he reached *la Rue Saint-Victor*, and was about to enter his Hôtel, he was suddenly seized with an inexplicable feeling of terror. A fear like that of a child who believes a man to be hidden under his bed, made him afraid to enter his attic room. Never before in his life had he felt this. He made no attempt to reason away this sensation, but he turned back and entered a wine shop, where he remained until midnight, sitting alone at a table, drinking great glasses of wine. He thought of Thérèse with a feeling of sullen irritation. The wine shop was closed, and he was obliged to leave—he went back to ask for a match. The office of his Hôtel was up one flight of stairs, and he had a long corridor to traverse, which was in total darkness. Generally he never thought of the darkness, but this night, he felt as if assassins were hidden at every angle, who would leap out at his throat as he passed.

He lighted a match which went out, he tried another

and another, rubbing them on the damp wall. He succeeded in lighting one at last, and watched the ghastly blue of the sulphur as it slowly ignited the wood; it seemed to him that monstrous forms were cowering in the corners.

At last the wood caught, and, by the light, he hurried up the steps, believing himself safe, only when he received his candle in the office.

Holding his candle high above his head, he ascended the stairs to his room—trembling at every shadow, and imagining the creak of the stairs under his feet to be made by his pursuers.

When he reached the door, he threw it open and hastily entered, closing it again as rapidly as possible. His first care was to look under his bed and in his wardrobe. He closed the window on the roof bethinking himself for the first time that some one could easily enter that way.

When he had done this he was calm, and as he undressed, he smiled at himself for being such a poltroon; but he was uneasy that he was unable to explain to his own satisfaction, this sudden access of terror. He went to bed and closed his eyes, but his mind was in a turmoil, and over and over again, he found himself recapitulating the advantages of a speedy marriage. He tossed from one side of the bed to the other, and said, aloud:

"This will never do—I have to get up early, and be at my office at eight o'clock."

It was of no use, he could not sleep, his brains continued to work, showing him all the reasons for and against marrying Thérèse.

Finally, he asked himself why he did not go to Thérèse at once; he could not sleep — and then half awake, he began in his fancy to hurry through the streets, saying to himself, "I will turn this corner, for it cuts off so much." He followed in his imagination, the narrow lane, saying to himself that he had succeeded in turning into it without being seen by the woman who kept the stall where imitation jewelry was sold. He again perceived the damp, foul odors of the lane — he touched the cold wall, feeling for the door which suddenly opened, and Thérèse stood before him. He started from his bed, but when his feet touched the cold floor, the same deadly horror seized him as before. He gasped for breath and looked about his room fearfully—but saw only the white moonlight streaming in. He returned to his bed, and pulling the clothes over his head, shivered and cowered as before the knife of an assassin.

A sharp pain in his neck caused him to put his hand to it involuntarily. He felt the scar made by Camille's teeth, which he had almost forgotten. He was startled, and wondered if it were a cancer eating his flesh. He rubbed it gently, hoping to ease the pain, but it seemed only to increase it. In order to keep his hands from touching this scar, he placed them both between his knees, and lay in this restrained position, his teeth chattering with fear.

He could now think of nothing but Camille. Up to this time, Laurent had not been much troubled by the recollection of his victim, but thinking of Thérèse, seemed to have called up the spectre of her husband. The murderer dared not open his eyes, lest he should see Camille in the room. Once he fancied that his bed was strangely jarred — might it not be that the ghost was hidden under it? With his hair rising on his head, he clung to his mattress. Suddenly, he perceived that the bed did not move, and all at once, his self-possession returned. He sat up and called himself a fool, as he calmly lighted his candle and drank a large glass of water.

"The fact is," he said to himself, "I drank too much wine to-night. If I don't get some sleep, I shall be in a nice state to-morrow to do my work. I ought to close my eyes as soon as my head touches the pillow. If I once get to thinking it is all up with me."

He blew out his candle again, turned his pillow over and gave it a thump, and lay down again, determined to sleep. Fatigue now began to relax the tension of his nerves.

He did not sleep in his usual fashion — all the time feeling that his body was slumbering, while his mind was as active as ever. Again, he went through the streets dividing him from Thérèse; again, he entered the alley and felt his way up the stairs; again, did the door open, but this time it was not Thérèse, who stood before him — it was Camille —

Camille, as he had seen him at the Morgue, horrible to look upon.

Laurent uttered a wild cry and started up. He was in a cold sweat. He pulled the coverings once more over his head, and again did he fall into the same state in which he seemed to himself to be hurrying through the streets to find Thérèse, whose door was opened by the spectre of Camille.

The murderer once more started up in his bed. What should he do to drive away this persistent dream? As long as he was awake, he could keep this phantom at bay; but as soon as he was no longer master of himself, he was overpowered.

This lasted all night. Ten times he had this same dream. Each time he reached Thérèse he encountered Camille, and from each of these dreams he awoke with a start — the last so violent that he determined to rise, as day was breaking, and a cold, gray light coming in at the window in the roof.

Laurent dressed slowly with a sense of sullen irritation. He was exasperated at not having slept, and indignant at his own fears. He shuddered, however, at the thought that it would ever be his fate to pass such another night.

He buried his head in the basin and combed his hair, which refreshed him in some degree, though he felt sadly weary.

"I am not a coward," he said to himself, "and how could I have been such a fool as to seriously believe

that poor devil Camille was under my bed? I wonder if this fear is to haunt me every night? I see now, that Thérèse had best be my wife at once; when she is near me, I shall never again think of Camille. I must look at this scar, by the way."

He went to the mirror and looked. The scar was of a pinkish hue. Laurent could distinctly see the marks made by the teeth of his victim, and the color rose to his face. He then perceived a strange phenomenon. The scar was crimsoned by this rising flush, and stood out red and angry on his white neck. At the same instant Laurent felt a little prickling sensation, as if needles had been driven into the wound. He hastily pulled up the collar of his shirt.

"Pshaw!" he said, "that is nothing. Thérèse will kiss and make it well! What an idiot I am, to think of these things!"

He put his hat on his head and went out. He needed air and exercise. As he went through the dark corridor and past the cellar door, he smiled, but nevertheless, stopped to see that the door was securely fastened.

It was now about five o'clock, and Laurent walked for some time through the deserted streets.

Laurent passed a most atrocious day, struggling against the sleepiness that assailed him the moment he took his seat at the desk. His head, in spite of every effort, would drop among his papers, and he would lift it with a start on hearing the footsteps of one of his

chefs. This constant struggling broke down his strength and made him feel really ill.

That night, in spite of his fatigue, he went to see Thérèse. He found her feverish and ill; quite as weary as he was himself.

"Our poor Thérèse had a very bad night," said Madame Raquin, as soon as he was seated. "It seems that she had a succession of nightmares whenever she fell asleep. I heard her cry out several times during the night, and this morning she was really ill."

While her aunt spoke, Thérèse looked steadily at Laurent. Without doubt, they divined each other's secret terrors, for each shuddered. They sat until ten o'clock, talking of common-place things, each entreating the other — with eyes if not with lips — to hasten the moment when they could stand united against the drowned man.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CAMILLE'S GHOST.

THÉRÈSE, too, had been visited by the spectre of Camille, during this night of fever.

Laurent's passionate words, after months of seeming indifference, had greatly disturbed her. Her slumbers were restless, and she, too, in the silent watches of the night, had seen Camille's ghost arise, and like Laurent, she, too, had said that she should know no such fears when her lover was at last near her.

Thus at the same hour, these two guilty beings—this man and this woman—were strangely drawn together once more. They shuddered with the same cold fright—they had, so to speak, but one soul and one body with which to suffer. This sympathy, this mutual permeation—if we may be allowed the expression—is a psychological and physiological fact which often occurs between persons who, by a succession of great nervous shocks, are driven toward each other.

For more than a year, Thérèse and Laurent had worn the chain that bound them together very lightly. In the dull exhaustion that followed the sharp crisis of the murder—in the disgust and need of forgetfulness that succeeded this exhaustion—these two criminals had come to believe that they were free, and that no

iron bond united them. The chain dragged on the ground between them and they forgot it. They were wrapped in slumbrous content, and even sought to turn their affections elsewhere and to live, each without the aid and support of the other.

But on the day when, impelled by remorseless facts, they had again exchanged words of tenderness, the chain was violently wrenched and they felt a shock which told them that they were forever bound together.

Early the next day, Thérèse went to work and paved the way for her marriage with Laurent. It was a difficult task and one that was full of peril. The lovers trembled lest they should commit some imprudence, and awaken suspicions by showing that they had some interest in the death of Camille. Realizing that it was wiser that the proposition should be made to them by Madame Raquin and her friends, rather than by themselves, they determined to suggest the idea delicately to these good people and allow it to ripen in their minds, and finally lead them to believe that they had originated it.

This comedy was long and difficult to plan. Thérèse and Laurent argued together as to the course they should pursue. They advanced with extreme caution, carefully weighing each word and each gesture, all the time devoured by impatience and nervous excitement. Thus they lived in the midst of incessant irritation, and required all their strength to keep up a semblance of smiles and serenity.

If they wished to hasten their marriage, it was because each was afraid to be alone, for now each night Camille's spectre haunted their sleepless couches. Thérèse no longer dared to go up to her room in the twilight, and when she was obliged to retire for the night, it seemed to her impossible that she could ever shut herself into that large, cold room, whose desolate height was peopled with strange shadows as soon as the light was extinguished. She fell into a habit of leaving her candle burning, and when her weary lids finally closed, she saw Camille in the darkness and opened her eyes with a start.

In the morning she dragged herself down stairs, exhausted and depressed, having slept at the most not more than two or three hours.

As to Laurent, he had become an arrant coward. Before that, he had never known what fear was—now, at the least unwonted sound, he started and turned pale, like a timid boy. His limbs had once shivered with terror, and this terror had never left them since.

At night he suffered more than Thérèse—he saw the day grow old with absolute agony—he watched the gradually growing darkness with a heart sinking with dread, and several times he spent the night in the deserted streets. Once he remained until daybreak under the shelter of a bridge, though it was raining hard. Stiff with cold, he for six hours watched the dull waters of the river running past, bearing on their breast, as it seemed to him, crowds of drowned men

and women, borne onward by the current. When sometimes he was so pitifully weary that he could hardly drag one foot after another, he would crawl up the stairs of his hotel, and throwing himself on his bed, would lie with wide open eyes until it was time for him to go to his office. If he dropped off into a feverish slumber, he regularly dreamed that he held Thérèse in his arms, and that when his lips sought hers they met Camille's. These repeated shocks wore on his huge frame until he looked and felt as if he had had a long attack of illness.

This grew worse and worse; they longed for each other only that they might sleep in peace. They had hesitated for a time whether this marriage should ever take place, each forgetting the reasons that had vanished, after impelling them to murder. Now however, they again recalled these reasons for murdering Camille —that they might enjoy that happiness which they believed would be assured to them by marriage.

Besides, it was with vague despair that they took the supreme resolution to legitimatize their union. Within the depths of their hearts they were afraid of each other, but in spite of this fear they realized that their only safety was in mutual companionship. They said to themselves that peace, at least, would follow this marriage, and they repeated over and over again, that it was absolutely necessary.

Laurent had come to the conclusion that his father, the peasant at Jeufosse, would live forever, and if he

should chance to die that he would leave his property to his cousin, a hard working youth, who tilled the ground to the entire satisfaction of old Laurent. If this were to take place, Laurent saw himself condemned to live in an attic all the rest of his days without the ordinary comforts of life. He did not like work—his daily duties at his office were becoming more and more irksome to him, and he was more and more convinced that the height of earthly felicity was in doing nothing. He remembered that he had murdered Camille, not only to obtain Thérèse, but also to take the place of his victim in his mother's house and heart, to be watched over as he had been, and to have every wish anticipated. If his act had been prompted by passion alone, he could never have been so prudent. The truth was, he had by this murder sought to assure himself of the comforts of his life, and of the lasting satisfaction of his appetites.

All these thoughts and wishes now returned to him with more violence than ever, and he said to himself as an encouragement that it was high time for him to derive some profit from Camille's death, and he dwelt on the advantages that he should gain in the future. He would leave his office, be his own master, and as idle as he pleased—eat and drink to his heart's content and have a woman who adored him and was his humble slave always at his side. After a time Thérèse would inherit Madame Raquin's forty thousand francs, for the poor woman must certainly die some day. In short,

he could create for himself the life of a happy animal and forget everything that now disturbed him.

Scarce an hour elapsed after the date was fixed for his marriage, that Laurent did not fail to bolster up his waning courage by repeating all these arguments to himself. He sought for new ones, and was delighted when he found the smallest additional proof which went to show, that to marry Thérèse was his wisest plan of action.

In vain, however, did he cling to the hope of an indolent, luxurious Future—he still felt a sudden chill, and a choking in his throat, whenever he counted the hours between then and his marriage.

CHAPTER XIX.

A CLEVER ACTRESS.

MEANWHILE, the efforts of Thérèse and Laurent had accomplished their inevitable results. Thérèse had adopted an air of resigned melancholy which, after a short time, made her aunt very uneasy.

The old lady insisted on knowing what new cause of sadness afflicted her niece. Then Thérèse played her rôle of an inconsolable widow with a cleverness that would have done honor to a distinguished actress; she spoke of her loneliness, and of the depression of her spirits, but assigned no cause.

When her aunt urged her further, she would only reply that she was well, and did not know why she wept. Her sad smile and her tears drove the old lady to despair; and finally compelled her to feel serious anxiety lest the health of her niece should break down entirely. Madame Raquin had no one in the world but this niece, and she prayed God to preserve this child and allow her to close her eyes.

A little selfishness unquestionably lay hidden among all the tender affection felt by the old lady for this beloved niece. She could not endure to think that Thérèse might be taken from her, and she left to die alone in this dreary shop. She hardly took her eyes

from her niece, and asked herself what she could do to alleviate the crushing despair she read in the face of the younger woman.

Under these grave circumstances she turned for advice to her old friend Michaud. One Thursday evening, she detained him in the shop and spoke to him of her fears.

"Yes," said the old man with the frank brutality of his former profession. "I have noticed for some time that Thérèse was in the sulks, and I know very well why."

"You know why?" exclaimed the old lady in great surprise. "Tell me quickly then, I implore you."

"The reason is very evident," answered Michaud, with a coarse laugh. "Your niece is out of spirits because she has no amusement. She needs a husband, any body can see that in her eyes!"

These words were a terrible blow to poor Madame Raquin. She believed that the sorrow that had crushed her to the earth ever since the calamity at Saint-Ouen, was still equally felt by the young widow. Her son was dead to be sure, but she had never dreamed of the possibility that Thérèse could marry again.

"Marry her at once," said Michaud, as he went away. "You will lose no time if you take my advice, dear lady."

Madame Raquin could not accustom herself immediately to the thought that her son was entirely forgotten. Old Michaud had not mentioned Camille's name, and

the poor mother perceived that she was the only person who continued to cherish her son's memory. She wept bitterly, for it seemed to her that Camille had died anew.

When she had wept until she was weary, she began to think that there might be some truth in Michaud's words, and also to say to herself that it were best for her to buy some little happiness for her declining years even at the price of a marriage, which in her eyes was almost an insult to the memory of her son.

Hers was not one of those natures that feel a bitter joy in eternal despair. She was kind-hearted and loving, and felt the need of sunshine and affection. Ever since her niece began to move about the house with this pale face and listless step, life had become almost intolerable to Madame Raquin, the shop was like a tomb to her. She longed to hear a laugh; she longed for anything that would gladden her days and enable her to look forward to that death which increasing infirmities told her could not be far off.

These wishes unconsciously went far toward determining her to accept this idea of marrying Thérèse, and enabled her in some measure to forget her son. Her own spirits in fact revived with the new interest and occupation of her mind.

She looked around for a husband for this beloved niece, and thought of little else. The choice of this husband was a matter of great importance, and in it the poor old lady thought more of herself than of Thérèse.

She wished her to marry some one who would make them both happy, for she feared that the new inmate of her house might add to her own unhappiness. The thought of introducing a stranger to their interior disturbed her, and it was this thought alone that prevented her from speaking openly to her niece on the subject.

All this time Thérèse played with that perfect hypocrisy acquired through her singular education — the comedy of utter depression. Laurent adopted the rôle of the useful, sensible man. He was full of little attentions toward the two women, especially toward Madame Raquin. By degrees she began to regard him as indispensable — he alone brought life and gayety to her dreary home. When he failed to appear in the evening, the old lady was uneasy and restless, feeling that she had not the courage to face Thérèse and her despair, without Laurent's presence.

Occasionally, he absented himself of an evening, that he might thus assert his power; but he came in daily on his way from his office. He executed little commissions, and waited on Madame Raquin, handing her the trifles she wanted, for the old lady now had great difficulty in rising from her chair, or in moving about without assistance.

He told her anecdotes, and asked after her health in a sympathetic voice that went to the heart of the lonely old woman. He seemed especially anxious in regard to the health of Thérèse, showing his anxiety in

a friendly sort of way, with the air of a man who feels intensely the woes and sufferings of others.

More than once he took Madame Raquin aside and horrified her by speaking with evident alarm of the great change he noticed in Thérèse.

"We shall lose her soon," he said, with melancholy pathos, "we can no longer conceal from ourselves that she is seriously ill. And we shall lose all our sunshine in losing her."

Madame Raquin listened with a pang of anguish. Laurent had even the audacity to speak of Camille.

"You see," he continued, "the death of my poor friend was a terrible shock to her. She has been slowly dying of it in these two years that have elapsed since we lost Camille. Nothing will console her, nothing will cure her, we, ourselves, can only learn resignation."

These impudent falsehoods sent the poor old soul into a spasm of sobs. She never heard Camille's name without bursting into tears, and was always ready to embrace the person from whose lips the name had fallen.

Laurent had noticed this, and knew that he could thus make her weep whenever he pleased, and so shake her with emotion that she would lose all clear perception of what he said.

Each evening, therefore, he conquered his own repugnance, and led the conversation to Camille, speaking of his rare qualities of mind and heart—lauding his

victim to the skies. Sometimes when he met the eyes of Thérèse fixed upon him with a strange, troubled look in their depths, he felt a cold chill. He ended, however, by believing all that he said of his victim — and then suddenly checked himself with a jealous pang lest his words of praise should cause the widow to think with admiration of the man they had together murdered.

During all this conversation, Madame Raquin was in tears. She said to herself that Laurent was a generous creature, and that he was the only person who remembered her son, or who ever spoke to her of him. As she dried her tears, she looked on the young man with loving eyes, and felt toward him almost as if he were her own son.

One Thursday night, Michaud and Grivet were already in the dining room, when Laurent entered, and going up to Thérèse, asked earnestly for her health. He seated himself at her side for a moment, playing the part of an anxious friend, for the benefit of the lookers on.

As the two sat in this way a little apart from the others, Michaud, who was looking at them, leaned suddenly toward Madame Raquin, and with a little nod of the head in the direction of Laurent, said:

"There is the husband for your niece. Arrange this marriage, we will assist you, if it is necessary."

Michaud had a knowing air, for in his opinion this was a most brilliant idea of his; he regarded Laurent as the very husband for Thérèse.

Madame Raquin, for the moment, was greatly startled, but in an instant she realized all the advantages which she personally, would derive from the marriage of Thérèse and Laurent. This marriage would simply draw those ties closer which already united both herself and her niece to her son's friend—to the good, kind man who came night after night to cheer them in their loneliness.

In this way she would introduce no strange element to their home, and would run no risk of marring their tranquillity. But on the contrary she, while giving Thérèse a husband on whom to lean, would herself find comfort in his companionship, and perhaps would secure a second son in this young man, who for twelve months previous to Camille's death and for the two years following it, had shown her an almost filial devotion.

It seemed to her moreover, that Thérèse would be less unfaithful to Camille in marrying Laurent, than it she married any other man. So strange is the reasoning of the human heart. Madame Raquin, who would have wept had she seen a stranger press a kiss on the lips of her son's widow, felt no repugnance at the thought of Laurent taking this son's place.

All that evening, while her guests were playing dominos, the old lady watched the couple with a tender interest that told them their comedy had succeeded, and that the dénoûement was near.

Michaud, before he left, had a short conversation

with Madame Raquin in the corner; and then taking Laurent by the arm, declared that he must accompany him part of the way. Laurent as he departed, exchanged a swift glance with Thérèse, a glance that imparted confidence and enjoined caution.

Michaud felt his way cautiously, saying to the young man that he was certainly very devoted to these two ladies; and then seeing that he must speak more openly, asked abruptly why he did not marry Thérèse. Laurent answered with some agitation that he regarded her only as the widow of his poor friend, and that he should consider it a sacrilege to approach her as a lover.

The old man insisted, even going so far as to say that it was Laurent's duty to give the poor old lady a son by marrying Thérèse. The young man pretended to be slowly convinced—to be overcome by emotion, and to accept the thought of Thérèse as a blessing and inspiration sent from Heaven.

When Michaud obtained a formal assent to his proposition, he left his companion, rubbing his hands, for he had, as he believed, won a great victory, and was very proud that he had been the first to suggest this marriage, which would secure them their Thursday evenings forevermore.

While Michaud was talking with Laurent, Madame Raquin had an almost similar conversation with Thérèse.

When her niece, with her usual wan smile, listlessly

rose to retire, the old lady detained her and questioned her, imploring her to be frank and tell her why she was so sad. Then, as she obtained only the vaguest replies, she spoke of the loneliness which must necessarily be the lot of a widowed wife, and while not precisely saying that she wished Thérèse to marry again, asked if she had never thought of doing so.

Thérèse uttered an exclamation of horror, and declared that she should always remain faithful to Camille. Madame Raquin began to weep and then to plead against the dictates of her own heart, telling her niece that despair should never be eternal, and finally, in reply to the repeated asseverations of the young widow, suddenly mentioned Laurent. There was no reply, and the old lady began to expatiate with a trembling voice on the advantages of this alliance. She emptied her soul—put into words the thoughts that had been her companions through the past wakeful night. She painted with unconscious selfishness the joy that the happiness of these two persons, whom she loved, would bring to her last days.

Thérèse, apparently deeply touched, stood with bowed head, meek and submissive.

"I love Laurent," she said finally; "I love him as if he were my brother, and if you desire it, I will try to love him as a husband. I would gladly do anything to add to your happiness. I hoped that you would allow me to weep in peace, but I will dry my tears since they disturb your tranquillity."

She embraced the old lady, who was shocked that she had been the first to forget her son, and after she was in her bed Madame Raquin turned her face to the wall and wept bitterly, accusing herself of being less faithful to Camille's memory than his wife, and of desiring a marriage out of pure selfishness, which Thérèse accepted as a simple act of self abnegation.

The next morning Michaud and his old friend had a brief conversation in the *Passage*, in front of the shop door. They communicated to each other the results of the steps they had taken, and agreed to carry the thing through at once by compelling the young people to become openly engaged that same evening.

About five o'clock, Michaud was in the shop when Laurent entered. As soon as the young man was seated there, the old policeman said in his ear:

"She accepts."

These words were heard by Thérèse. She was very pale and sat with her eyes riveted on Laurent. They looked at each other steadily for a few moments, as if saying, what next? They both understood instantly, however, that they must accept the position without the smallest hesitation. Laurent rose and going to Madame Raquin, took her hands in his. She, poor woman, did her best to restrain her tears.

"Dear mother," he said, with a kind smile, "Monsieur Michaud and I talked over your welfare last night. Your children wish you to be happy."

The poor old soul, on hearing herself called dear

mother, burst into tears, as she snatched the hand of her niece and placed it in that of Laurent.

The two lovers shivered as their fingers met in a nervous grasp. The young man said in a hesitating voice:

"Thérèse, shall we try and make your aunt happy?"

"Yes," she answered in a low voice; "we have a duty to fulfil."

Then Laurent, who was very pale, turned to Madame Raquin and added:

"When Camille fell into the water, he cried to me, 'Save my wife, I trust her to you!' I think I am fulfilling his last wishes by marrying Thérèse."

Thérèse dropped Laurent's hand as she heard these words. She felt as if she had received a blow full in her breast. She looked at him with wild and haggard eyes, while Madame Raquin sobbed out:

"Yes, yes, my friend, marry her — make her happy — my son will thank you from his tomb!"

Laurent caught at the back of a chair for support. Michaud, who was moved to tears, pushed Thérèse toward him.

"Embrace her!" he cried.

The young man touched the cheek of the young widow lightly with his cold, stiff lips, and she recoiled as if this kiss burned her like a red hot coal. This was the first caress she had ever received from this man in the presence of witnesses. All the blood in her body flew to her face, and she who had never known the

meaning of the word shame, blushed like a girl of fifteen.

After the crisis, the two murderers breathed freely. Their marriage was decided upon, and they had nearly attained the end to which they had so long aimed.

All was settled that same evening. The following Thursday the marriage was announced to Grivet, to Olivier and to his wife. Michaud, on imparting the news, was delighted; he rubbed his hands and said delightedly:

"It was I who thought of that—it is I who made this match. You will admit that they will make a handsome couple."

Suzanne embraced Thérèse in silence. This poor creature, more dead than alive, had conceived a strong friendship for the cold, reserved, young widow, and loved her as a child loves a superior, with a certain amount of respectful terror.

Olivier congratulated the aunt as well as the niece. Grivet made rather a highly-spiced joke, which was received so coldly that he did not hazard another. The whole assembly, in fact, were highly delighted, and said it was a capital arrangement. They had, it must be said, an eye already to the wedding dinner.

The manner of Laurent and Thérèse toward each other, was simply the perfection of dignity—they were friendly and courteous, that was all. They seemed to be performing an act of unselfish duty. Not an expression in their faces, indicated the horror they felt

as the wedding day drew near. Madame Raquin gazed at them with tender eyes, and testified in every possible way the gratitude she felt.

There were some formalities to carry out. Laurent wrote to his father for his consent. The old peasant at Jeufosse, who had almost forgotten that he had a son in Paris, answered that he could marry or hang himself, whichever he preferred, and took occasion to add that he never intended to give him a sou, but would grant him full permission to commit whatever folly he pleased.

A permission thus accorded strangely disturbed Laurent. Madame Raquin, after reading the letter of this most unnatural father, had a kindly impulse which impelled her to do a most foolish thing. She had a deed drawn up, by which she gave to her niece every franc she owned in the world, and thus despoiled herself entirely, placing herself at the mercy of these two.

Laurent caused it distinctly to be understood that he should resign his clerkship and devote himself to Art. The welfare of the little family was assured by the income accruing from the well-invested forty thousand francs added to the profits of the shop. On this amount these three could live very comfortably.

The preparations for the marriage were hastened, and all the formalities abridged as much as possible. Every one of the *habitués* of the Raquin mansion seemed desirous to lend their aid.

The day came at last.

CHAPTER XX.

THE MARRIAGE DAY.

THAT morning Laurent and Thérèse, separated by a mile of streets and houses, opened their eyes with a similar sensation of intense joy — joy that their last night of lonely terror had been passed, and that in future they could defend each other against the man they had murdered.

Thérèse rose and dressed slowly, waiting until Suzanne arrived before she should put on her wedding garments.

Laurent in his room, sat up in his bed and looked about, rejoiced at being able to say farewell to his mean attic. It was December and he shivered with the cold.

Madame Raquin, knowing how straitened were his means, had slipped into his hand, a week before, a purse containing five hundred francs; all her little savings. The young man accepted the money without the smallest qualms of conscience, and purchased an entire outfit. This money also enabled him to offer Thérèse the customary gifts.

The black pantaloons, the coat and white vest were displayed on two chairs. Laurent made a most careful toilette. He wished to look well. As he fastened his

stiff collar he felt a sharp pain; the button slipped from his fingers; he supposed the stiffly-starched edge had cut his throat. Wishing to ascertain, he lifted his head and looked in the glass. Then he saw that the wound made by Camille was very red; the collar had grazed it.

Laurent compressed his lips and turned very pale—the contemplation of this angry looking scar at this most inauspicious moment irritated him. He crumpled up the collar and threw it across the room, then selecting another he put it on with a thousand precautions. Then he finished dressing.

When he descended the stairs he felt as if he were in irons—everything was stiff and uncomfortable. Each time he turned his head, a fold of starched linen cut the tender skin across the wound. Incensed by this suffering he entered the carriage and drove to the shop.

On his way he stopped to take up old Michaud and a fellow clerk in his office; these two were to serve as witnesses. When they reached the shop every one was there and waiting. Grivet, and Olivier—as the bride's witnesses—and Suzanne, who could not keep her eyes off Thèrése, feeling much as little girls do who have dressed their dolls in new clothes.

Madame Raquin, although she found it very difficult to move, was determined to accompany her children. She was, therefore, placed in a carriage and drove off with the others.

All went off well at the *Mairie* and at the Church. The modest self-possession of both bride and groom were noticed and highly commended. They uttered the fateful "Yes" with an emotion that greatly moved even Grivet. They were in a dream, every act was mechanical. While they knelt side by side, apparently in much humility, their hearts were swept by a wild whirlwind of passion. They avoided meeting each other's eyes. When they entered the carriage it seemed to them that they were further apart than ever before in their lives. It was decided that the wedding dinner should take place at a little Restaurant on the height of Belleville. Michaud and the Grivets were the only guests. They drove, therefore, on the Boulevards until six o'clock, and then went to the Restaurant, where they found their table laid for seven, in a room painted yellow—where the air was thick with the smell of cooking and of wine.

The dinner was not very gay. The newly married pair were very grave. Each had been conscious of certain strange emotions all that day which they could not explain to themselves. They were absorbed early in the morning by the preparations and subsequent formalities, and finally by the ceremony that bound them forever together.

Afterward they had been lulled by the long drive on the Boulevard, it seemed to them that months had elapsed since they left the church—but they were in no haste to see this drive come to a conclusion. They

looked out at the succession of shops and at the people with dull, indifferent eyes; they seemed to be wrapped in a torpor from which they would occasionally, with a forced laugh, endeavor to rouse themselves.

When they entered the Restaurant it was with a sense of utter fatigue.

At table they sat opposite each other—they smiled with an air of constraint and relapsed again into reverie. They ate, they drank and moved as if they were machines. They realized this fully, but could not understand it. Amid the lassitude of mind and body they were conscious that their marriage seemed to have driven them asunder rather than united them. It seemed to them that there was still a barrier between, a barrier which they had committed a murder to remove. Then they remembered that they were no longer to spend their nights apart—and vaguely wondered how this could be permitted. Their guests, who were laughing in the inane fashion that is one feature of wedding festivities, asked them if they never intended to address each other with more cordiality. They blushed deeply. How was it possible that they, blood-stained as they were, haunted by memories that would never die, could flaunt their guilty love in the faces of the lookers-on? They had by this time forgotten the one joy with which they had awakened that morning, the joy of knowing that henceforward their nights would be less lonely, that they would together face the spectre of the Past. They were now simply

weary and tired by the tasks of the day. They sat there with vague smiles veiling an ever increasing uneasiness.

And Laurent, as he moved his head, felt the same acute agony that had so tormented him in the morning, for his collar continued to rub against the scar of the wound made by Camille.

While the Mayor read the law—while the Priest spoke to them of God—during all the long hours of this unending day, he had felt the teeth of the drowning man meeting in his flesh. He once put up his hand hastily to see if blood were not running down on his breast and staining the whiteness of his vest.

Madame Raquin was grateful to her niece and to Laurent for their gravity—noisy rejoicing would have wounded the poor mother, who felt that her son was present, and that it was he who, invisible to mortal eyes, placed the hand of Thérèse in that of Laurent.

Grivet had no such ideas—he thought this dinner unspeakably dismal. In vain, however, did he seek to cheer it—in spite of the stories with which Michaud and Olivier nailed him to his chair, whenever he attempted to rise and utter some platitude.

Once, however, he succeeded in proposing a toast.

"I drink," he said, "to the health of the future family of this most excellent couple!"

Thérése and Laurent turned deadly pale on hearing these words. They had never once thought of the

possibility of having children—and the idea froze them with horror.

They left the table early. The guests drove home with the newly-wedded pair. It was only half-past nine when they entered the *Passage*. The woman who sold false jewelry was still in her little stall, and lifted her head with some curiosity and with a strange smile on her lips. Both Laurent and Thérèse saw it and were greatly startled. Could it be possible that this old woman had in days past, during the life of Camille, seen Laurent glide into that little dark alley!

Thérèse went up stairs at once accompanied by her aunt and Suzanne—Laurent lounged in the shop below with old Michaud and Grivet.

Presently Madame Raquin came in and said something in a low voice to Laurent, who hastily left the room.

CHAPTER XXI.

HORROR AND DISGUST.

LAURENT closed the door of his wife's room behind him, and stood leaning against it in some embarrassment. A bright fire blazed in the chimney throwing its reflections on the ceiling and on the walls. The room was thus so brilliantly lighted that the lamp burning on a table in front of the fire was unnoticed. Madame Raquin had taken great pleasure in arranging this apartment, which was dainty and fresh with lace and ribbons, while on the mantel stood vases of flowers. The air of the room was fragrant with the breath of these flowers and deliciously warm.

Thérèse was seated in a low chair on the right of the fire. With her chin in her hand she was gazing fixedly at the flames. She did not turn her head when Laurent entered. She wore a long dressing gown trimmed with lace, which was of dazzling whiteness in this strong sharp light.

Laurent moved slowly toward her, a long tress of hair hung over her shoulder, and stooping, he pressed his lips upon it. Thérèse threw herself back in her chair with a gesture of repugnance, and Laurent retreated, himself overcome with a sensation of cold horror. He seated himself opposite Thérèse on the

other side of the chimney, and they both sat for fully ten minutes, silent and motionless. Occasionally the fire would stream up and these two guilty creatures would be enveloped in its red light. For two years, the lovers had not seen each other alone—they had not met without the presence of witnesses since the evening that Thérèse had gone to *la Rue Saint-Victor* when Laurent had first thought of the murder.

Prudence had kept them apart, and they had determined to wait until their union was legalized before they should meet again. They had hardly permitted themselves a furtive pressure of the hand—and now here they sat face to face with the world shut out, and had but to extend their arms and clasp each other in a passionate embrace, and these arms were weary and strengthless!

They looked at each other with anxiety and embarrassment, wonder-struck that their burning dreams had ended in this strange reality.

They questioned themselves with desperate eagerness, but could find not one ray of the passion that formerly burned with such fatal fury. They momentarily became more and more embarrassed, that they could find nothing to say to each other. Laurent wondered if he were a fool, while Thérèse asked herself the same question.

They had killed a man and for what?—they had played an atrocious comedy for this poor result. This dénoûement seemed to them cruelly ridiculous. Finally

Laurent's parched lips parted — he tried to speak of love, and evoked souvenirs of the past.

"Thérèse," he said, leaning toward her, "do you remember the last time I was in this room? I entered by that door then. To-day, I come in by the other. We are free to love each other now."

He spoke in a hesitating voice. She, shrinking back in her low chair, did not turn her eyes from the flames. She did not even hear him.

Laurent continued:

"Do you remember that day? I thought then that I should be the happiest of men if I could ever call you my wife—if I could pass a night by your side, and be wakened by your kisses."

Thérèse turned slowly as if disturbed by some persistent noise—the heat of the fire had flushed his face. She shuddered, for it revived the memory of the day on the Seine.

The young man continued, nervously:

"We have succeeded, Thérèse. We have broken down every obstacle and we belong to each other. The Future is ours—is it not? A Future of tranquil happiness. Camille is no longer here—"

Laurent stopped short. At Camille's name Thérèse started violently. The two murderers gasped for breath, and looked furtively about the room. The bright firelight danced over the wall, the sweet fragrance of the roses filled the air, and the wood crackled in the chimney.

All those terrible souvenirs of the Past were now let loose. Camille's spectre came and seated itself between the newly-married pair in front of the flaming fire. Laurent and Thérèse both felt the sudden freshness of the damp air brought in by the ghost, and they said to themselves that he was then near them, though he was as yet invisible to their mortal eyes.

Then all the horrible details of their crime unrolled themselves one by one before them. The very name of their victim compelled them to feel once more all the agony of that hour. They did not speak to each other with their lips, but the eyes of each told the other that this scene was before them.

This exchange of terrified looks, this mute recital of the murder was intolerable — their nerves could no longer endure it. Laurent started to his feet, took two or three turns about the room, took off his boots and put on his slippers, then returned to his seat in the chimney corner, and tried to speak of indifferent subjects.

Thérèse understood this wish. She forced herself to reply to his questions; they talked of the rain and the weather. Then Laurent remarked that the room was very warm. Thérèse said no — that there was always a draught from the little door on the stairs. Then they both turned and looked at the door with a sudden shiver.

The young man made haste to speak of the roses, of the fire, of anything he could think of that was gay and

bright, and Thérèse struggled to reply even in monosyllables, in order that the conversation should not drop. They drew their chairs a little further apart, and assumed a certain air of ease, trying to forget who and what they were, and to treat each other like strangers whom chance had thrown together.

Notwithstanding all these efforts each by a strange phenomenon, while uttering these common-place words, was fully conscious of the thoughts these words concealed. Each was thinking only of Camille—their eyes told his story over and over again, and kept up a silent conversation beneath their audible one.

The words they uttered signified nothing, all their energy was expended in this silent interchange of terrible souvenirs. When Laurent spoke of the roses or the fire, Thérèse knew perfectly well that he was thinking of that struggle in the boat, and of the dull thud, when Camille was thrown in the water.

And when Thérèse answered with a yes or a no, Laurent knew that she was living over some detail of that crime. They had no idea what phrases they used, their thoughts were concentrated on the Past — they felt if they continued to speak that words would come to their lips unbidden—words which should name their victim and describe his murder.

Then their lips closed, and a profound silence fell on the room, but this silence did not end the tale their eyes recounted.

Sometimes it seemed to them that they had spoken ;

their nerves were all on the alert, and their sense of hearing became so acute that their very thoughts made themselves heard.

Each heard the other cry in a voice of despair:

"We killed Camille, and his ghost sits there between us!"

Laurent and Thérèse had begun their silent recital on the day of their first interview in the shop. Then the souvenirs came one by one in order, up to the terrible moment of the murder. It was then that they dropped their common-place conversation and ceased talking, lest in spite of their efforts, the name of Camille should pass their lips.

From this point they went on, living over again the agony and suspense of the time that followed until the day at the Morgue. Thus did they together behold the dead body lying there on the stones. Laurent's staring eyes told this to Thérèse, and she, gasping, felt that this appalling silence must be broken at any cost.

"You saw him at the Morgue?" she asked, without naming Camille.

Laurent seemed to expect this question. He had read it on the pale face of his companion before the words passed her lips.

"Yes," he answered, in a choked voice.

Both shivered—both drew up to the fire, and as by a mutual impulse extended their hands before the flames, as if an icy chill had suddenly invaded the room. They

did not speak for a moment. Then Thérèse said under her breath:

"Did he seem to have suffered much?"

Laurent could not reply. A ghastly vision rose before his eyes. He rose from his chair and advancing to Thérèse, extended his arms.

"Kiss me!" he cried.

Thérèse rose and stood with her arm on the mantel. She was looking intently at the scar on Laurent's neck. He had taken off his coat and put on a loose dressing sacque.

Thérèse turned her head away to avoid the kiss and lightly touching the scar on her husband's neck, she said:

"What is that? I never saw it before."

It seemed to Laurent that his wife's finger was a thrust of a dagger; he drew back with a cry of acute agony.

"That!" he stammered, "that—"

He hesitated — but he could not lie, something stronger than himself compelled him to speak the truth:

"Camille bit me, you remember in the boat. It is nothing, it healed at once. Will you not kiss the scar, and soothe the pain I sometimes feel in it?"

Thérèse, almost with a shriek of horror, pushed him from her.

"My God!" she cried. "Have mercy upon me!"

As she spoke, she sank on the floor, writhing in despair. Laurent stood looking at her in stupid wonder.

Then, all at once, he knelt at her side, and with the violence of an animal, he lifted her head between his large hands and pressed her cold lips against the scar that burned on his neck. She, half fainting, did not struggle, but when he released her, sank back on the floor with piteous moans.

Laurent, ashamed of his brutality, began to pace the room. It was the agony, like ten thousand red hot needles, that had induced him to demand this kiss from Thérèse, but the touch of her lips on the wound had been infinitely worse; not for the world would he have undergone a second shock of the same kind.

He looked at this woman with whom his future life was to be spent. As she lay cowering before the fire, he said to himself that he did not love her, and that she did not love him.

For more than an hour Thérèse was perfectly silent and motionless, while Laurent paced the room. Each was silently saying that love was dead. They had killed it when they killed Camille. The fire was burning low—the heat was becoming intense in the room, the roses were withering and the air was stifling.

Suddenly Laurent stood still. As he turned he had seen Camille standing in a dark corner between the wardrobe and the chimney. The face of his victim was discolored and convulsed—as he had seen it at the Morgue. He remained nailed to the floor, clutching a table.

At the sound of his labored breathing Thérèse turned.

"There! there!" gasped Laurent, with arm extended toward the corner, where he still saw Camille's face.

Thérèse hurried to his side and, grasping his arm in her fright, looked in the direction to which he pointed.

"It is his portrait," she whispered softly, as if the painted head of her former husband could hear what she said.

"His portrait?" repeated Laurent, hoarsely.

"Yes, you know, the one you painted. My aunt intended to have taken it to her room to-day. She must have forgotten it."

"To be sure—it is his portrait."

The murderer hesitated to admit this. In his agitation he forgot that he himself had designed these distorted features. In his fright he saw the picture for the first time as he had really painted it—hideous, unnatural, and appalling, both in color and drawing. His own work shocked him by its ugliness. The eyes looked exactly like those in the Morgue. He was reassured only when he perceived the frame of the picture.

"Go, take it down," he said to his wife.

"No—no—I am afraid," she answered, with a shudder.

Laurent began to tremble again. The frame disappeared and he saw only the eyes of the picture fixed on him.

"Oh!" he said, "I implore you to take it down."

"No—no"—

"We will turn it against the wall, and then we will not be afraid."

"No—I cannot."

The murderer pushed his wife gently toward the picture, hiding behind her that he might conceal himself from those dreadful eyes. She escaped his grasp and he, summoning all his courage, went up to the portrait and, with uplifted arm, tried to find the nail. But the eyes watched him with such intentness that Laurent was vanquished and, drawing back, said:

"You are right, Thérèse—your aunt must take it down to-morrow."

He resumed his walk up and down the room. Each time he passed near the picture he could not refrain from looking at it and from a shiver as he met the eyes.

The thought that Camille himself was there watching him soon became a fixed idea, and Laurent felt as if he were going mad.

Finally, a thing occurred that completed the ghastly sequence.—He was just in front of the fire when he heard a strange scratching sound. He turned ghastly pale, feeling certain that it was Camille stepping down from his frame. In a moment he discovered that the noise came from the little door on the stairs.

He looked at Thérèse with ever-growing fear.

"There is some one there," he whispered; "who can it be?"

His wife did not reply. They both thought of the dead man, and simultaneously rushed to the further end of the room, expecting to see the door burst open and Camille standing there.

The noise continued. With strange, irregular pertinacity their victim was scratching on the wood. For five minutes they held their breath. Then they heard a new sound which Laurent, to his intense relief, at once recognized. It was Madame Raquin's cat, who had been shut out by accident.

Laurent opened the door cautiously and François walked in. The creature was always afraid of Laurent; with one bound he leaped on a chair with every hair on end, and looked his new master in the face with grim ferocity.

Laurent hated cats, and François almost frightened him. His nerves were so unstrung that he felt as if this cat knew all, and was ready to leap at his throat to avenge Camille, and the young man dropped his eyes before the brute's round eyes. He lifted his foot.

"Don't hurt him!" cried Thérèse.

This cry made a singular impression on Laurent. An absurd idea entered his head.

"Camille's spirit has entered that cat," he thought. "I must kill the creature. It looks as if it understood every word we said."

He did not kick the animal, however, lest it should address him in Camille's voice. Then he remembered the day so long ago when Thérèse had uttered her little jests about the creature, and remembered how he had then told her that the animal knew too much, and that he would throw it out of the window.

But he had not now the courage to attempt this, so

warlike was the attitude of François, who with his back up, followed each movement of his adversary with keen attention. Laurent was disturbed by the metallic glitter of the creature's eyes. He opened the door into the dining-room, and the cat fled with a long dreary wail.

Thérèse seated herself again before the dying fire. Laurent resumed his steady tread up and down the room. They were waiting for the dawn—would it never come? Should they never be able to escape from this room in which they were shut up together? They longed for some third person to break this silent tête-à-tête. They were weary of this long silence, so full of bitter despair and dumb reproaches.

Day came at last, grey and desolate, bringing with it a penetrating chill.

When this cold light filled the room, Laurent shivered, but still was conscious that he felt calmer. He went up to Camille's portrait and saw it as it was—a perfectly common-place face. He took it down and leaned its face to the wall.

"Upon my word," he said roughly, "I hope we shall sleep to-night, for this sort of thing can't go on long."

Thérèse fixed her grave eyes upon him.

"We are two children," he continued, "but I really think you are the most to blame, with your ghostly ways. To-night I beg that you will try and be a little gayer and not frighten me out of my wits." He laughed, or rather pretended to laugh.

"I will try," said his wife coldly.

CHAPTER XXII.

A GHOSTLY VISION.

THESE two unhappy beings had hoped that when they were together, they could protect themselves against the haunting memories of the Past, but strangely enough they found that their terror was now greater than ever. They could not speak to each other without a thrill of horror. A word or look was enough to bring all the details of their crime before them.

The nervous nature of Thérèse affected in a most fantastic manner the sanguine, heavy nature of Laurent. Formerly, this difference in temperament had made of this man and woman a most powerful couple by establishing in them a sort of equilibrium — completing their organism, so to speak. But now the excited nerves of Thérèse overpowered Laurent; he was like a young girl suffering with disease.

Before knowing Thérèse, Laurent had all the calmness and the prudence of a peasant's son. He ate, drank and slept like an animal. He rarely felt an emotion. Occasionally his heavy nature was stirred a little, but that was all.

Thérèse had developed all his nerves and given them the most astonishing sensibility. He lost his calmness, and trembled at every shadow like a cow-

ardly child, and finally his insomnia made him almost insane.

His remorse, however, was purely physical. His body, his trembling flesh alone, were afraid of the dead man. His conscience had nothing to do with his terrors, and he did not in the least regret having killed Camille. When he was calm, and the spectre was no longer there, he would have been entirely ready to commit the foul deed again, had he believed that it was to his interest to do so.

During the day he rallied from his fright, and promised himself that he would never again so lose his self-control. It was Thérèse, he said, who brought on these frightful scenes. But when night came and he was alone with his wife, cold perspiration broke out all over him, and he was a very child in his fears.

The words "illness," and "nervous attacks," must be used to describe Laurent's condition. His face was convulsed, his limbs stiffened—it was plain that he suffered intensely.

Thérèse too, was strangely shaken, but she felt a certain remorse and regret that were unknown to Laurent. She was tempted sometimes to shriek out to Camille that if he would forgive her she would spend her life in repentance.

Night after night these two wretched creatures sat before the fire; when overcome with fatigue they slept an hour or two in their chairs, hoping thus to avoid the night-mare and phantom that would visit them were

they to lie down on their bed. When they awoke they were stiff and sore, shivering with cold and more than half ill. They fought against sleep as long as they could. They talked of a thousand nothings, each looking from out the corners of their eyes at the space between them, directly in front of the fire, in which they fancied they could see Camille seated, warming his feet at the flames. This vision returned each night with frightful pertinacity. They dared not move, and after looking into the fire for sometime, their eyes half blinded created the vision they dreaded.

Finally Laurent determined not to sit by the fire, but he did not tell Thérèse why. She knew however, that it was because he saw Camille as she saw him, and she said in her turn that the fire made her ill, and that she would be more comfortable away from it. She pushed her chair to the foot of the bed, and sat there watching her husband as he paced the room. Occasionally, he opened the window and let in the January blast. This assuaged the fever in his veins in some degree. This life continued for a week—they slept a little during the day—Thérèse behind her counter, Laurent in his office.

The strangest thing of all, however, was the attitude they maintained toward each other. They never breathed one word of love, they feigned to have forgotten the Past. They tolerated each other as people tolerate the sufferings of other invalids. Each hoped to conceal from the other their disgust and mutual

abhorrence, and neither seemed to think that these strange nights told the story more clearly than any words could have done. They pretended to believe that their conduct was not in the least strange — their hypocrisy was that of two mad creatures.

One night their fatigue was so great that they threw themselves, dressed as they were, on the bed, and after two or three nights spent in this way, they retired as husband and wife generally do. Thérèse went first and lay with her face to the wall, while Laurent kept on the very edge of the bed.

Between them was a large space, and in that space lay Camille.

When the two murderers thus lay side by side, with closed eyes, each imagined that Camille, cold and wet, lay between them. Fever and delirium clouded their brains, and this obstacle became a material one to them; they touched the body, they saw it — each one of their senses shared their hallucination. The presence of this third person filled them with silent horror. Laurent dared not lift his hand lest he should touch Camille. He said to himself that the spectre was jealous.

Sometimes, however, they summoned all their courage and exchanged a swift kiss, and then held their breath to see what would happen. But their lips were so cold that Death seemed to have chilled them. Thérèse shivered with horror, and Laurent, who heard her teeth chatter, cried out angrily:

"What on earth is the matter? Are you afraid of Camille?"

Neither dared to confide the precise cause of his terror to the other. When the vision of the pale, distorted face of their victim rose before one of the murderers, he closed his eyes, and shut himself up with his terror rather than speak of this hallucination, lest some other more terrible still should succeed it.

When Laurent, in rage and despair, accused Thérèse of being afraid of Camille, this name pronounced so loudly, redoubled his anguish. The murderer raved deliriously.

"Yes, yes," he repeated, "you are afraid of Camille. I see it perfectly well. You are a fool, and water runs in your veins instead of blood. You haven't an ounce of courage. Can't you sleep in your bed? Do you suppose your first husband is coming to pull you out by your feet because I am here?"

This frightful suggestion caused the hair of both to rise from their heads, but Laurent continued with even more violence:

"I will take you some night to the cemetery. We will open Camille's coffin, and when you see his body is there, then perhaps you won't be frightened any more. Do you suppose he knows that we threw him into the water?"

Thérèse covered her head and sobbed convulsively.

"Did we not drown him because he was in our way?" continued her husband. "We should do the same thing again if he were here now, should we not? Don't be so childish. Why can't we be happy

together? You see, my dear, when we two are dead we shall be just as comfortably in our graves as if we had not killed this fool. Come now, kiss me."

His wife obeyed, but her cold lips chilled him. Laurent for more than a fortnight questioned himself as to what method he should adopt to slay this new Camille. He had drowned him, but he was still alive, and visited them every night. When the murderers believed they were to reap their guilty harvest, their victim was resuscitated.

Thérèse was no widow, and Laurent found that he was tied for life to a woman whose husband was the ghost of a man they had murdered!

CHAPTER XXIII.

INSANITY.

LAURENT'S madness gradually increased. He determined to drive Camille away, but was himself crushed by despair at finding that the companionship of Thérèse had, so far from bringing the relief he anticipated, only aggravated his sufferings. The ghost was always there. If Laurent could have known that Thérèse was unconscious of what was to him this dread reality, he could have better supported it.

Thérèse, who would have thrown herself into the flames, if she had believed that these flames would have purified her flesh and relieved her of this torture, was wild with agony. Her nerves were all unstrung, her eyes wild.

It seemed to her, in her growing insanity, that all their misery rose from this scar on Laurent's neck, and that if she could smooth away this scar by kisses and caresses, that they might sleep in peace. But her lips burned it and Laurent pushed her aside with a moan of pain — it seemed to him that his skin had been seared by a red hot iron, and from that time he would not allow her to touch the scar. He seemed to have a morbid fear lest she should bite him as Camille had done.

Every time that Laurent attempted to conquer his repugnance and took Thérèse in his arms, both felt a strange shock as if thousands of burning needles were pricking them. Then his wife tore herself from his arms, and burst into sobs and moans, in which her husband joined, and amid their agony they heard the sneering laugh of their victim exulting at their dismay. Both husband and wife realized that they had tried their final plan of exorcising the spectre, and that Camille had won the victory, and weeping bitterly, they broke the sullen silence of the night by asking each other how long they had to live, and how they could endure this agony and horror.

CHAPTER XXIV.

SELFISHNESS REWARDED.

OLD Michaud, in working so assiduously to bring about this marriage, did it with the hope that it would impart to their Thursday reunions all their former gayety. These *soirées* since Camille's death, had been regarded by the *habitués* of the Raquin mansion as standing upon a very insecure basis. Each week as they presented themselves at the door, it was with the fear of finding it closed. Michaud and Grivet were creatures of habit, adhering to the routine of their lives with the blind instinct of brutes. They said to themselves that the aged mother and young widow would some day take it into their heads to return to Vernon, or some other secluded spot, where they might weep for their dear departed undisturbed, and that they would not then know what to do with themselves on their Thursday evenings. They pictured themselves returning homeward dreary and disconsolate, longing for their beloved game of dominos.

In hourly dread of this disaster, they entered the shop with timid steps, saying to themselves that this would probably be the last time that they should be there. For more than a year they had felt this anxiety, and in addition they could neither laugh nor talk as they

wished in the presence of Madame Raquin's tears, and of the mournful silence of the widow.

They did not feel at home, as in the days when Camille had welcomed them, and they were as uneasy as if each of these evenings that they passed around the table in the dining-room had been stolen.

It was under these desperate circumstances that the selfishness of old Michaud caused him to conceive the plan of marrying the widow to Laurent.

On the Thursday after the marriage, Grivet and Michaud made a triumphal entrée. They had won a grand victory. The dining-room was their conquered territory — they no longer feared a dismissal, but established themselves with the air of happy proprietors, and began to exchange their little jokes which, although somewhat stale, they thought most admirable.

By their beaming faces and confident manner, it was easy to read that in their opinion a tremendous revolution had taken place. Camille had vanished forever; they thought his memory would no longer mar the gayety of these Thursdays; the living husband had taken the place of the dead one, and there was no further reason for dreary faces and bated voices. They, the guests, might now laugh without wounding the feelings of any one, and in fact, they felt that, it was their duty now to laugh as much as possible, in order to enliven this excellent family.

From this time Grivet and Michaud, who for eighteen months had come to the house on the pretext

that Madame Raquin needed them, could now lay aside their petty hypocrisy and come there frankly, to sleep opposite each other to the dull clicking of the ivory dominos. And regularly each Thursday evening, these grotesque heads which had formerly so exasperated Thérèse, gathered around this table.

This exasperation had now increased to such a degree, that she talked of saying to these people in the plainest words that she would not have them there. They grated on her nerves; their silly laughter angered her; their foolish sentiments made her feel that she must tell them what idiots they all were.

But Laurent bade her be quiet, told her that to do this would make enemies of these men — that their Present must be as much like their Past as possible, and that above all things, they must preserve the friendship of the Police, for the fools protected them against all suspicion. Thérèse submitted, knowing that what her husband said was true, and their guests looked forward in calm beatitude to a long succession of Thursday evenings.

Laurent was in the habit of leaving his room at a very early hour. He was not at ease, nor did he resume his usual calm egotism until he was seated in the dining-room before a huge bowl of *café au lait*, prepared for him by Thérèse. Madame Raquin no longer attended to the affairs of the household and with difficulty descended to the shop, which she did not do until she with maternal solicitude had looked

on while Laurent ate his breakfast. The coffee warmed him and he began to feel more comfortable, particularly after he had swallowed a small glass of cognac. Then he pulled down his vest and throwing back his head, wished Madame Raquin and Thérèse a very good morning and lounged off to his office.

Spring had arrived; the trees along the Quais were covered with tiny leaves, like a light lace of pale green. The river flowed past with a soothing ripple, and the sunshine was bright and warm. Laurent felt like a different man in the open air, and drank in large draughts of the new life that descends from the skies of April and May. He stood in the sunlight looking down on the Seine, enjoying with all his senses this delicious morning. At these times he rarely thought of Camille; if he did, it was with the courage of a man whose stomach is full, and whose nerves are dulled.

He reached his office and then yawned all day long. He fulfilled his duties like a machine, as did the other clerks. The only idea that he had during the day, was that he meant soon to send his resignation, and then he should hire an *atelier*. He dreamed vaguely of an easy sort of life, and thus the day slipped away. The recollection of the shop in the *Passage*, of Camille, and Thérèse, never came to disturb him.

When night arrived, though he had all day long looked forward to it as his release from work, he left the office with regret, and wandered along the Quais with vague apprehension. He walked as slowly as

possible—but in spite of his dragging, reluctant feet he reached the shop at last.

There the spectre awaited him.

Thérèse experienced much the same sensations. When Laurent was not near her she was at ease. She had dismissed their one servant, saying that she was dirty, and that she preferred to attend to their rooms herself. The truth was she needed constant occupation, and hoped that physical fatigue would ensure sleep at night.

She worked vigorously all the morning, sweeping, dusting and washing dishes—in short, doing just those things which formerly she had loathed. These cares kept her on her feet until noon. Active and silent she thought of nothing but the spiders hanging from the ceilings, and of the saucepans to be scoured.

Madame Raquin was disturbed by seeing her niece rise from the table to change her plate after she had cooked the twelve o'clock breakfast. She was vexed at the obstinacy of her niece, and asked why she did not get another servant in the place of the one she had discharged—but Thérèse told her that they must be more economical now than they had been.

After the meal was over Thérèse dressed and joined her aunt in the shop. When seated behind the counter she regularly fell asleep—for the wakeful hours of the nights she had passed and the fatigue of the mornings was such that the moment she sat down her eyes closed.

Her sleep was not heavy—she dozed rather than slept, but her exasperated nerves were soothed. The recollection of Camille left her—she was like an invalid whose pain has suddenly departed.

But for these brief moments, when the tension under which she lived was thus relaxed, her strength would have entirely given way. She thus gathered force with which to combat the horrors of the coming night.

When a customer came in she opened her eyes, gave her the merchandise required, and then relapsed into her doze. In this way she passed two or three hours in perfect happiness, answering her aunt in reluctant monosyllables, unwilling that her rest should be disturbed. She glanced out at the *Passage* occasionally, and was conscious of being vaguely thankful that it was not gayer or brighter, and that she, therefore, was not so likely to be disturbed.

This obscure *Passage*, traversed only by the lower classes, hurrying along through the rain under shabby umbrellas, seemed to her a place where no one would be likely to come and harass her. Sometimes, when half awake, she perceived the odor of damp earth and saw only the faint daylight coming in through the gray windows, she fancied that she was buried alive.

This thought did not disturb her—she was, on the contrary, rather soothed and consoled by it—for she said that at least she was safe—and no one could torture her more.

Suzanne brought her embroidery sometimes in the

afternoon and sat near the counter at work. This woman, with her gentle face and slow, languid movements, pleased Thérèse, who felt a strange relief when this pale, young creature was near her—and when Suzanne fixed her blue eyes on hers, it seemed to her that they cooled the hot fever of her blood.

At four o'clock Thérèse went to her kitchen to prepare dinner for Laurent with feverish haste. And when her husband appeared at the door all the old agony overwhelmed her.

The sensations of the husband and wife were each day almost precisely similar. When they were apart each snatched some hours of repose—but in the evening when they met, it was with the same sinking of the heart, the same shiver of dread.

The evenings were calm to all appearance, however. Thérèse and Laurent made them as long as possible, so much did they dread shutting themselves into their room alone with each other. Madame Raquin, sitting between them in a deep arm chair, talked in a placid, monotonous fashion. She spoke of Vernon, thinking always of her son, but with great delicacy avoided mentioning him. She smiled tenderly on her two dear children, and made many little plans for the happiness of their Future. The lamp light imparted unusual pallor to her kind face, and her voice was low and sweet.

On either side of her chair sat the guilty creatures whom she loved, listening to her babble with what she

believed to be tender respect—in truth, they did not know what the old lady said. They did not trouble themselves about the sense of her words; they were only anxious that she should not suspect the lateness of the hour and so leave them together. Her voice prevented them from hearing their own thoughts. They did not dare meet each other's eyes, and to look at Madame Raquin was their refuge.

They would have remained there until morning listening to the old lady. When she finally rose to go they could have clutched her garments and implored her to remain. Then they, too, were obliged to leave the dining-room, where their evenings had been passed, and, closing the door, shut themselves in with the spectre.

Then soon began to look forward to their Thursday evenings, for after a time the babble of Madame Raquin ceased to calm their anguish—her low voice and faint laugh could not stifle the voice of Camille or his cry as the water closed over his head. And from the very beginning of the evening, they now began to dread its end.

On Thursdays, however, they forgot each other, and in this oblivion suffered less. Thérèse began to look forward to them as her one distraction during the week. If Michaud and Grivet had not appeared, she would have gone in search of them herself. When there were strangers in their dining-room she was more at ease—she wished they could always be there—that she could

live in constant bustle and excitement—in anything that could occupy her thoughts and her time.

Laurent, too, was a different being on these evenings. He laughed and told his old stories, and the receptions had never been so gay nor so noisy.

Thus it happened that on one evening in each week Thérèse and Laurent could see each other face to face without a crawling of the flesh and a cold, sick horror.

Before long a new fear assailed them. Madame Raquin had a slight stroke of paralysis, and they feared that another would render her helpless. The poor lady began sentences that she never finished, used one word when she intended to use another, and stammered on, unconscious of her mistake. Her voice had became weaker, her memory failed, and all her senses seemed to be leaving her, one by one.

Thérèse and Laurent watched these changes in despair. What would become of them when this being, whose presence and gentle voice exorcised the spectre, should cease to live?

Then they would be always alone with each other. All their efforts were now devoted to the preservation of Madame Raquin's health, now become so precious. They sent for the most famous physicians, purchased the costliest drugs and devoted themselves to her in every possible way. In these cares, they found a certain relief, which caused them to redouble their zeal. They could not be reconciled to the idea that they were to lose their one companion, the one

person who prevented the house, and more especially the dining-room, from becoming as ghostly as their own room.

Madame Raquin was profoundly touched by these eager cares, which they lavished upon her. She congratulated herself with tears on having married them, and on having given to them her forty thousand francs.

Never, after her son's death, had she looked forward to such affection in her last hours — her age and infirmities were made easy to her by the tenderness of her dear children, and she hardly realized her daily increasing helplessness.

Meanwhile, Thérèse and Laurent continued to lead their double existence. In each of them were two distinct beings, one nervous and shrinking—trembling as soon as twilight crept on, and another dull and torpid, who breathed easily as soon as the sun rose. They lived two lives, one of anguish when alone with each other, and of smiling peace when strangers were near. Never once did their faces in public show the smallest indication of their carefully-concealed despair, or the hallucinations that prevented them from closing their eyes at night. Any one would have supposed that it was the happiest household in the world. Grivet called them, gayly: "the turtle doves," and ventured on many coarse jokes under which neither Laurent nor Thérèse flinched, for they were accustomed to them.

As soon as they were in the dining-room surrounded by their friends, they regained their self-control, while

the human mind is incapable of grasping the terrors that assailed them when they entered their own room; had they attempted to describe them, their friends would have thought they had gone mad.

"Are they happy?" said old Michaud to himself, sometimes. "They never speak to each other, but I suppose they think all the more!"

Such was the opinion of all the little circle, and Laurent and Thérèse were cited as a model couple. The inhabitants of the *Passage du Pont-Neuf* pointed to their affection as an example, and said the lives of these two was a perpetual honey moon. These miserable creatures were the only ones who knew that Camille's cold body stood always between them; they alone realized that as the hours wore on their penance would begin, and felt the nervous twitching of the muscles under the smooth skin which, at night, increased to convulsions, and wofully distorted their placid faces.

CHAPTER XXV.

IN THE STUDIO.

AT the end of four months, Laurent seriously considered the possibility of turning his back on all the advantages he had promised himself. He would have abandoned his wife and fled before Camille's spectre three days after his marriage, if his interest had not nailed him to this shop. He accepted these terrible nights, in order that his crime might not have been uselessly committed. In leaving Thérèse, he sank again into poverty, and would be obliged to keep his clerkship. If on the contrary he continued to live under her roof, he could be as idle as he please, and live in comfort on the interest of the money that Madame Raquin had given to his wife. My readers will understand, that could he have realized this money by selling the securities that he would have taken it and fled; but the old lady, acting under the advice of her old friend Michaud, had the prudence to protect the interests of her niece in the marriage contract.

Laurent was thus tied to Thérèse by the most powerful of bonds — he determined to be supported in compensation for his fearful nights in indolence, to be well fed and well clothed, and to have in his pockets money enough to gratify his small caprices. Only at this price

would he continue to associate with the ghost of the dead man. He said this to himself with a grim smile.

One evening he announced to his wife and Madame Raquin that he had sent in his resignation, and that he should leave his present position on the 15th of the month. Thérèse looked very uneasy, and he hastened to add that he was going to have a studio, where he could have a good light and paint all day.

He said much of the confinement of his clerkship, of the noble Future which Art held in store for him, and now that he could command a few sous he was determined to see if he were not capable of something great. This grand tirade simply concealed his frenzied longing to resume his old *atelier* life.

Thérèse sat silent with compressed lips—she did not propose that Laurent should waste the little fortune that alone secured liberty to herself. When her husband turned toward her, and asked several questions in order that he might extort from her a consent, she answered only in monosyllables — but curt as they were, they were sufficient to make him understand that if he threw up his clerkship he would gain nothing from her.

Laurent's eyes were fixed upon her as she spoke with such an expression that the distinct refusal trembling on her lips was cut short. She thought she read in his face this threat:

"If you refuse, I will tell all."

She hesitated and stammered some incoherent words. Madame Raquin exclaimed in her feeble, quavering

voice, that it was the desire of her heart to see her dear son develop his talents, and that to do this, he must have all the money he required.

The poor old lady spoiled Laurent, as she had spoiled Camille. She was entirely won over to him by the caresses he lavished upon her, and she thought only as he desired her to think. It was decided therefore, that the artist should take an *atelier*, and that he should receive one hundred francs monthly for his expenses. The profits of the shop paid the rent and was, in addition, almost enough to defray their daily expenses, and Laurent's hundred francs and the rent of his *atelier* would be paid from the interest of their investments. In this way their capital would not be encroached upon.

This arrangement somewhat tranquillized Thérèse. She made her husband swear that under no circustances would he exceed the sum she allowed him, and at the same time, said to herself that he could in no way obtain possession of her forty thousand francs without her signature, which she determined never to affix to any paper that he should present.

Early the next morning Laurent hired, at the lower end of *la Rue Mazarin*, a small *atelier* on which he had had his eye for a month. He could not resign his clerkship until he had some refuge where he could spend his days far from Thérèse. At the end of a fortnight he said farewell to his colleagues. Grivet was stupefied by his departure.

"For a young man," he said, "who had such a Future before him, to throw it up in this way, was lamentable — truly lamentable. Had he not in four years, reached a point where he received a salary such as he, Grivet, had not received until he had been in the office twenty years!"

Laurent astonished him still more by telling him that he intended to devote himself entirely to painting.

The artist established himself in his *atelier*. This *atelier* was a sort of garret, some ten yards square; the ceiling inclined abruptly at one end, and in the roof was set a large window which admitted a clear, white light on the tarnished walls and squalid floor. The noise of the street ascended to this height only as a distant murmur. The silent room thus lighted from above, resembled a hole, or rather a cave, hewed out in a lead mine.

Laurent furnished this attic after a fashion: he brought in two dilapidated chairs, a table that he placed against the wall to prevent it from falling, an old kitchen dresser, his color box and easel. All the luxury was concentrated on a large sofa, that he purchased for thirty francs at a second-hand establishment.

It was a fortnight before he thought of touching a brush to canvas. He entered his studio between eight and nine o'clock, threw himself on his sofa where he smoked until noon, when he went home to breakfast, hurrying back as soon as it was over, in order not to see his wife's pale face. He returned to his dear sofa, where he lay until night.

This *atelier* was a place where he felt secure. One day his wife asked if she should come to visit him. He declined the honor. In spite of his refusal, however, she came to his door and knocked; but he made no sound, and told her at night that he had spent the day out of town. He was afraid that Thérèse would bring Camille's ghost with her.

Idleness finally began to pall upon him. He bought a canvas and colors and went to work. Not having money enough to buy models he resolved to paint from his imagination, and not trouble himself about Nature. He began a man's head, but he had no intention of applying himself closely to his work: he painted two or three hours in the morning, and in the afternoon lounged about Paris.

It was on coming home from one of these long walks that he encountered, in front of the Institute, his old friend, who he had met with a grand success at the last Salon.

"Hollo!" cried the painter; "is this really you? Ah! my poor fellow, I should never have known you, had you not spoken to me first. You have grown frightfully thin —"

"I am married now," answered Laurent, in an embarrassed tone.

"Married! you! Well then, I am not astonished that you are so changed. And what are you doing nowadays?"

"I have taken a small *atelier*. I paint a little in the morning."

Laurent then told the story of his marriage in a very few words, and spoke of his projects for the Future with feverish haste.

His friend watched him as he talked with an air of astonishment that made him very uneasy. The truth was, that the painter found it almost impossible to believe that in the husband of Thérèse, he beheld the common-place dullard whom he had formerly known. It seemed to him that Laurent's face was elevated and refined — his bright color was toned down, he carried himself better and he was much thinner.

"You are much better looking than ever before in your life," the artist suddenly exclaimed. "You have the air of an ambassador, at the very least. What have you been doing with yourself?"

These words and this minute examination annoyed Laurent excessively, but he dared not turn away abruptly.

"Suppose you come up to my studio for a few minutes," he finally said to his friend, who answered with a ready assent.

The artist, greatly amazed by the change in his old acquaintance, was desirous of visiting his studio, not on account of the pictures, for these he well knew would simply disgust him, but he was curious to find out more about him.

When the door was thrown open and the artist had looked around the walls, his astonishment was greater than ever. There were five studies there, two women's

heads, and three of men, painted with great vigor. The drawing was good and each touch of the brush told its story. The artist examined them in silence, and did not attempt to conceal his surprise.

"And you painted these?" he said to Laurent.

"Yes, they are sketches which I shall use in a great picture I am planning."

"No nonsense now! Did you really paint these pictures?"

"Certainly I did. Why should you doubt it?"

The painter, of course, did not dare to say what he thought — though had he spoken he would have said:

"Because this work is the work of an artist, and you have never been anything more than a bungler."

He stood looking at these heads in amazement.

They were unfinished and crude, but they had an originality and a spirit which announced a strongly developed artistic sense. The painter who did these things had lived. Never had he seen sketches so full of promise. Finally he turned toward Laurent:

"I must tell you frankly," he said, "that I never supposed you capable of painting like this. Where the deuce did this new talent of yours come from?"

And he again examined Laurent, whose voice struck him as softer, and whose gestures had become those of a man of the world; but he, of course, had no idea of the terrible shock that had so changed this man, by developing his nerves until they assumed all the delicacy of a woman's. A strange phenomenon had been

going on in the organism of Camille's murderer, which it is almost impossible for us to analyze.

Laurent's artistic temperament had developed in proportion to his fears, and in consequence of the crushing shock that had overwhelmed him, body and soul. Formerly he had been weighed down by the superabundance of his flesh and his blood, and was blinded by his excess of health. Now, emaciated and shivering, he had all the keen susceptibility of nervous temperaments.

In the terrible life he led, his imagination expanded into the ecstacy of genius—the malady under which he was suffering, the very hallucinations of his mind, developed in him an artistic sense. Since he had committed his appalling crime, his brain seemed to have grown larger as his bodily weight diminished, and in his exalted condition he had strange visions and poetical reveries. It was by reason of this that his manner had gained in refinement, and that his works showed his developed genius.

His friend had no clue to this change, and went away greatly puzzled. Before he went, however, he examined these sketches once more, and said to Laurent:

"I have only one fault to find, which is, that all your heads have a certain family resemblance. The women look like the men in disguise. You must remember that if you intend to work these sketches into a picture, you must change them, for they look like brothers."

On the stair-case, he stopped again, and said with a laugh:

"Upon my word, my boy, it delights me to look at you! The age of miracles is not over after all."

He went down stairs, and Laurent returned to his *atelier* greatly disturbed. When his friend had said that his heads all bore a family resemblance to each other, he had hastily turned away to conceal his pallor.

This fatal resemblance had not struck him until then. He stood first in front of one canvas and then in front of another. As he contemplated them, a cold sweat broke out on his pale face.

"He is right," he murmured; "they all resemble each other — they all resemble Camille!"

He seated himself on the sofa, still keeping his eyes fixed on these studies.

The first was that of an old man, with a long, white beard; under this beard the artist saw Camille's thin, narrow chin. The second represented a fair, young girl, and this girl looked at him with the blue eyes of his victim. The three other heads had each some one feature of Camille, and all resembled each other — all had a startled, shocked expression, as if each felt the same sensation of horror. Each had a line in the left corner of the mouth, slightly drawing down the lips. This line Laurent remembered to have seen on the drawn face of the drowning man, and it now struck him as a sign of the relationship between all these faces.

He began to think that he had looked at Camille too long when he lay at the Morgue, and now his very hand had unconsciously traced the lines of this face, which would haunt him always and forever.

By degrees this painter, who had thrown himself at full length on the sofa, began to fancy that these figures were animated. There were five Camilles before him — five Camilles created by his own hand. He started up, snatched his palette knife and cutting the sketches into strips, threw them out of the window, saying to himself that he should die of terror if he peopled this room with portraits of his victim.

A great fear now haunted him. He doubted if he should ever be able to draw another head which would not be that of the dead man. He determined at once to ascertain if he were master of his hand. He placed a fresh canvas on his easel, and with a crayon hastily drew a face. This face was that of Camille. Laurent rubbed it out hastily and made another attempt. For an hour he struggled with the fatality that governed his hand. In vain did he exert his will; notwithstanding all his efforts, he traced the same lines he knew so well. He obeyed his muscles and the contractions of the nerves in his fingers.

His first attempts were made hastily. His next with great slowness and infinite pains; but the result was invariably the same — it was Camille's face that stared out at him. He sketched head after head — that of a Madonna, of a Roman warrior wearing a helmet, then of a child, and another of a scarred and sun-burned bandit — but Camille was in them, one and all; he was by turns, Madonna, warrior, child, and bandit.

Then Laurent tried caricatures — exaggerated every

feature and drew enormous profiles — succeeding only in rendering more horrible than before the striking portraits of his victim.

He then drew animals — cats and dogs — and these creatures too looked like Camille.

Laurent was transported with rage. He struck the canvas a blow with his fist, and thought in despair of his great picture which was to make his name famous. He saw that he must give up the idea, for he knew that if the faces were so much alike, his picture would be laughed at. He saw his completed work before him, and on the shoulders of each figure in it the pale, startled face of Camille.

After this, he dared paint no more. He did not choose to resuscitate his victim with his brush. If he wished to live in peace in this *atelier*, it must be on condition that he should burn his brushes. The thought that his fingers had the fatal and unconscious faculty of reproducing to an unlimited degree Camille's features, made him look down on his hand with terror. It seemed to him that this hand could not be his own.

CHAPTER XXVI.

TENDER DEVOTION.

THE crisis with which Madame Raquin was menaced now declared itself. The paralysis which for some months had been lurking in her system, now grasped her by the throat. One evening when she was talking calmly with Thérèse and Laurent, she stopped in the middle of a sentence with a gasp as if she were strangling. When she tried to speak, she could utter only a hoarse sound. Her tongue was like stone, and both feet were stiff.

Thérèse and her husband were thunderstruck at the sight. The piteous eyes asked them why she was thus stricken, and they could only reply with questions which she could not answer.

By degrees they comprehended that before them was only a body, a body that could see and hear but which could never again speak. This conclusion drove them to despair; they thought less of her than they did of themselves, and their tears were shed not for Madame Raquin, but at the thought that they must now live without her voice to break the monotony of their tête-à-tête.

From this day there was not the smallest alleviation in the lives of this wretched pair. They passed the

most cruel evenings watching over this poor old creature, who could no longer alleviate their terror by her gentle babble. She lay in her arm-chair, helpless and silent, and they sat with the table between them, uneasy and embarrassed. At times they forgot that this body which had been Madame Raquin was there, they regarded it as a part of the furniture of the room. Then all at once, the terrors that had hitherto assailed them only at night, pervaded this dining room, which was haunted by Camille. Their only comfort was when they saw Madame Raquin's eyes move from one of their faces to the other. This prevented them from feeling that they were alone with each other.

They placed the lamp close by her side, that they might see her better, and yet to others she would have been a most depressing sight, but they felt such a craving for her companionship that they looked upon her with positive joy. When her eyes were closed in sleep she looked as if she were dead, and then Thérèse would make some sudden noise, which would compel the poor creature to turn her eyes upon them. They would not allow her to sleep.

The constant care she required aroused them from their reveries. In the morning Laurent carried her in his arms to her chair, and in the evening he bore her back to her bed. She was very heavy, and it required all his strength to carry her to and fro. It was he too, who rolled her in her chair across the room. All other duties fell to the share of Thérèse. She dressed her

aunt and fed her, and tried to comprehend her wishes. For some few days Madame Raquin was able to write on a slate, but soon her hands lost their power. She could not hold a pencil between the stiffened fingers, and she could now express her wishes only by her eyes, and these her niece learned to read. Thérèse devoted herself to her, and the occupation of mind and body did her a world of good.

Laurent rolled the old lady's chair in the morning from her room to the dining room, because he did not choose to be alone with Thérèse. They both determined that she should be present at their meals, and pretended not to understand when she signified her wish to remain in her own room. She was required to break up their tête-à-tête — she had no right to live apart from them.

At eight o'clock Laurent went to his studio, Thérèse to the shop below, leaving her aunt alone until twelve o'clock. Then, after breakfast, she was alone again for five or six hours. Several times during the day the niece went up to see that her aunt required nothing. The friends of the family had no words in which to praise the virtues of Thérèse and Laurent.

The Thursday receptions continued, at which Madame Raquin was present. Her chair was drawn up to the table, and her weary eyes examined first one and then another of the players, with keen interest. The first Thursday that old Michaud and Grivet saw their old friend thus struck down, they were disturbed

and embarrassed. They did not feel any especial grief and were not quite sure how much they ought to feign, or how to conduct themselves.

Should they go up to this inanimate body and say good evening? or should they take no notice of her? Finally, they came to the conclusion to pretend that nothing had happened. They talked with her, uttering both questions and replies, laughing for her and for themselves, and were never disturbed by her unchanging face.

It was a singular sight; these men seemed to be talking to a statue, as little girls talk to their dolls.

Michaud and Grivet were quite proud of their good manners, for they felt that Madame Raquin must be gratified at being treated as if in perfect health, and it was more agreeable to themselves to do this, than to offer condolences and put on dismal faces.

Grivet was possessed with the notion that he understood every flicker of Madame Raquin's eyelids, and that she could not look at him without his knowing what she desired. But Grivet was not always correct in this opinion, for he would often interrupt the game, and declare that the old lady, who was quietly watching the game, wanted this thing or another. But his repeated mistakes did not discourage the good man, who uttered his victorious "Didn't I tell you so?"

When the sick woman really had a positive desire, it was very different. Thérèse, Laurent and the guests one by one named the things she was likely to want,

and Grivet was conspicuous by the awkwardness of his suggestions. He mentioned anything that came into his head, and invariably offered the opposite of that which was required. This did not prevent him from saying, however,

"I told you so! I read her eyes like a book! Now look at her, dear lady! she says I am right. Yes, dear, yes!"

It was by no means an easy thing to seize the wishes of the invalid. Thérèse alone had this power. She easily communicated with this dumb intelligence, imprisoned in this torpid body. What was going on within these fleshly walls? She saw, she heard, she probably reasoned, and yet she could not lift a finger nor her voice to express the thoughts born within her spirit.

She could have done no more than she did had the destinies of the world depended on it. Her mind was like a living creature buried by mistake six feet under ground. They struggled and cried out, but the very persons who walked over their graves heard no sound. Sometimes Laurent looked at Madame Raquin's compressed lips, at her nerveless hands lying on her lap, at her eyes, which alone evinced any life, and he said to himself:

"Who can tell what she is thinking? Perhaps she is unhappy."

But no, Laurent was mistaken, Madame Raquin was content, content in the care and affection of her

children. She had always dreamed of her days ending in this way, amid devotion and caressess—only she had always hoped to preserve the power of speech, that she might thank them for their devotion. But she accepted her destiny meekly, and without rebellion. The peaceful, retired existence she had always led, prevented her from feeling too acutely her present helplessness. She was an infant once more, content to lie and look about her.

Her eyes grew softer and their glances more and more penetrating. She managed them in such a way that they spoke almost as plainly as her lips might have done. Her face acquired an almost celestial beauty—her eyes smiled while her lips were rigid, and the effect was most singular and irrepressibly touching.

When at night, Laurent lifted her in his strong arms, her eyes expressed the most tender gratitude.

She lived in this way for some weeks, waiting for death, believing she had nothing more to suffer in this world, but she was mistaken. One evening she was crushed by a fearful blow.

Laurent and Thérèse, as we have said, arranged the light so that it fell full on the chair of the invalid, but it was all in vain; she was not sufficiently alive to protect them against their despair. They finally forgot her presence, their madness returned, and with it Camille; they talked aloud, uttered broken exclamations, murmured avowals, which finally revealed all

to Madame Raquin. Laurent had an attack of the nerves during which he raved like a madman, and the old lady understood him. A frightful spasm passed over her face — and she shivered from head to foot. Thérèse, who was looking at her, believed for a moment that she was about to speak — but she relapsed into the rigidity of iron. Her eyes, which had been so sweet, became black and hard like metal.

The sinister truth flashed like lightning into the heart of the poor paralytic. Could she have risen and denounced the assassins of her son, could she have cursed them, she would have suffered less. But, after hearing all, understanding all, she was compelled to remain motionless. It seemed to her as if Thérèse and her husband had tied her to her chair to prevent her from proclaiming their crime to the world, and that they took pleasure in crying in her ear, "We have killed Camille! we have killed Camille!" after having placed a gag between her teeth. She made the most superhuman efforts to lift the weight that crushed her. Her sensations were like those of a man who, having swooned, is supposed to be dead, and who awakes from his lethargy in time to hear the earth thrown upon his coffin lid.

The insufferable ache of her heart was worse still. Her heart was broken; all that made life tolerable to her — all the care and devotion of which she was the recipient came from these two persons, and now in her last hours she discovered that they were cowards and

criminals. The vail was torn away that had mercifully hidden the crime and the shame—she was ready to curse God and die. Why had He not permitted her to die in ignorance of this shameful secret?

After the first shock, the monstrosity of the crime seemed to make it incredible. She wondered if she had been dreaming; then by degrees the connection between the murder and the infidelity of Thérèse established itself. She remembered a thousand circumstances, unnoticed at the time.

Thérèse and Laurent had murdered Camille—Thérèse, whom she had brought up—Laurent, whom she had treated as a son. These ideas rolled over and over in her poor bewildered head, with a noise that deafened her. She wished she could die and be at rest. She repeated to herself, with sad persistency, "My children killed my son!"

A sudden change took place within her. She was transformed into a pitiless being eager for vengeance. When she realized that she could do nothing, tears slowly gathered in her eyes and fell, one by one, on her withered hands.

Thérèse was moved by startled pity.

"She must go to bed," she said to Laurent.

He at once rolled her into her sleeping room, then stooped to take her in his arms. The poor soul called on Heaven to help her. Surely, God in Heaven would not permit Laurent to press her in his arms. She expected him to be stricken to the ground with a

thunderbolt from Heaven. But Heaven reserved its thunderbolts. She lay a dead weight, in the arms of the man who had murdered Camille. Her head rolled helplessly over on Laurent's shoulder, and her eyes, full of horror, looked full into his.

"Yes, look at me as much as you please," he muttered; "your eyes cannot kill me."

He laid her on the bed, but she had fainted.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE AVENGING HAND.

AN uncontrollable impulse alone had induced Laurent and Thérèse to make these avowals in the presence of Madame Raquin. They were neither of them cruel by nature; they would have avoided such a revelation from humanity alone, even if their safety had not been involved. The following Thursday they were singularly uneasy. In the morning Thérèse had asked Laurent if he thought it best to allow her aunt to remain in the dining-room that evening. She knew all, and she might in some way give a hint to others.

"Nonsense," answered Laurent, "she can't even lift her finger. How can she chatter?"

"She may do something, however," answered Thérèse; "I have read in her eyes an implacable desire for vengeance."

"No—the physician told me all was over with her. If she speaks again it will be in her last moments. She has not long to live, and we don't wish to have another sin on our consciences."

Thérèse shuddered.

"You have not understood me!" she cried. "Oh! you are right—there has been blood enough shed. I

only meant to say that we can shut her into her room and say that she is worse or that she is asleep."

"Yes, and Michaud will enter her room to see for himself how his old friend may be. You could not select a better way of ruining us!"

He checked himself—he wished to appear very calm, but anxiety took away his breath.

"Let things take their course," he said; "these people are perfect geese; they won't question the old lady. How can they when they have not the smallest suspicion to guide them? No—let everything be as usual."

That evening, when the guests arrived, Madame Raquin in her chair occupied her usual place between the stove and the table. Laurent and his wife pretended to be in the best of spirits, but their hearts were sick with anxiety. They had pulled the shade of the lamp so low that only the oil cloth cover of the table was lighted.

The guests were at the end of the senseless babble with which the first game of dominos was played. Grivet and Michaud had addressed to the paralytic their usual questions in regard to her health, questions to which they themselves replied, as a matter of course. After this they paid no further heed to the old lady but devoted themselves to their game.

Madame Raquin, from the hour in which she had learned this terrible secret, had looked forward with impatience to this evening. She had gathered together

all her remaining strength, hoping that she might be able to denounce the murderers. Up to the last moment she feared that Laurent would kill her, or, at all events, keep her in her room. When she saw that she was to be allowed to remain in the salon, and when the guests came in, she was thrilled with joy. Knowing that she could not speak, she invented a new language. With a strength of will that was most amazing she lifted her right hand from her knee where it lay inertly; then supporting it on the table leg she finally succeeded in placing it on the cloth, and then feebly moved the fingers in order to attract attention.

When the players perceived this white hand they were greatly amazed. Grivet stopped with his hand in the air just as he was about to bring down the double six. Since her attack, Madame Raquin had not moved her hands.

"Look at that, Thérèse!" cried Michaud; "your aunt wants something."

Thérèse could not speak; she, as well as Laurent, had watched the paralytic—her eyes were fixed on her aunt's hand as on the hand of an avenger. The two murderers waited breathlessly.

"Yes," said Grivet, "she wants something. Ah! we two comprehend each other perfectly. She wants to play dominos—is not that it, dear lady?"

Madame Raquin made a sign of denial. She stretched out one finger and then another, and with

immense difficulty traced out some letters on the table. Grivet cried out:

"I see; she wants me to put down the double six."

Madame Raquin turned her eyes upon him with a look of stifled anger, and began the word again. But each moment Grivet interrupted, saying that he understood. Michaud begged him to be quiet.

"Why can't you let Madame Raquin speak?" he said; "go on, my old friend, go on."

And he bent down over the table in the same way that he would have turned his ear to hear the invalid speak. But the fingers of the old lady were weary, they had begun one word more than ten times, and could do no more.

Michaud and Olivier, being unable to understand, had compelled her to repeat the first letters.

"I see it!" cried Olivier, suddenly; "I understand now. She is writing your name, Thérèse. Look — 'Thérèse and —' Go on, dear lady."

Thérèse was dumb with fear. She watched the fingers of her aunt glide over the shining table cover, and it seemed to her that these fingers traced her name and the crime she had committed in letters of fire. Laurent started to his feet, ready to snatch the old woman's hand from the table. He believed that all was lost, and felt that his punishment was near, since this palsied hand had revived to reveal his crime.

Madame Raquin continued to move her fingers, but with less vigor.

"I can read what she means perfectly," said Olivier, turning to look at the husband and wife. "Your aunt is writing your names—'Thérèse and Laurent.'"

The old lady signified that he was right by looking up at him with gratitude in her eyes. Then she tried to finish her task, but her fingers were stiff—the will that had galvanized them was now vanquished. With one mighty effort she added one word:

"Thérèse and Laurent have—"

And Olivier said, cheerfully:

"What have these dear children?"

The murderers, in their wild terror, came near finishing the sentence aloud. They glared down on this avenging hand with wild eyes, when all at once this hand began to tremble convulsively and slipped helplessly from the table, falling a dead weight on the knee of the unhappy woman.

Michaud and Olivier sat down, greatly disappointed, while Thérèse and Laurent felt such a revulsion that their knees trembled under them, while their faces flushed with joy at their escape.

Grivet was vexed that he had not been able to inform the circle of what Madame Raquin wished to say, but determined to make one other attempt. He sat with frowning brow, thinking over this incompleted phrase.

"It is perfectly plain," he said at last. "I myself do not require that she should write on a table. A look from her is quite enough, but since she has seen

fit to make her wishes known in this way, I will tell you what she intended to say. She wished to say simply, 'Thérèse and Laurent have taken the best care of me.'"

Grivet was quite pleased with his divination, particularly as all the others agreed with him. They immediately joined in a eulogy on the husband and wife who had been so devoted to the poor lady.

"It is clear," said old Michaud, gravely, "that Madame Raquin was eager to tell us all how tender and loving her children had been. Their conduct honors the whole family."

And he added, as he took up his dominos:

"Now let us go on with our game. Where were we? Grivet was about to play a double-six, I believe."

Grivet played the double-six, and the game went on.

Madame Raquin looked down despairingly on the hand that had betrayed her. It was now as heavy as lead; she could never raise it again. Heaven did not allow her to avenge Camille, and had withdrawn from the desolate mother, her only method of making known to men the crime of which he had been the victim. She asked God to take her to Himself, and with closed eyes prayed to be laid in the earth beside her son.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

RECRIMINATION.

FOR three months Thérèse had been the wife of Laurent. They began their married life with mutual repugnance. They suffered acutely through each other for this length of time, and then they began to hate each other, and when they met it was with angry, threatening eyes.

They knew that each was a terror to the other. Each said that were the other out of the way, life would be different—they might lead a tranquil existence were they not always face to face.

One single thought gnawed at their hearts; they were irritated that they had committed such a useless crime. They asked themselves, over and over again, why they did the deed that would never cease to trouble their lives. This was what caused them to hate each other with such intense bitterness. They knew that the evil was incurable, and that until the day of their death they must continue to suffer, and that idea exasperated them beyond endurance.

They were not willing to admit even to themselves that their marriage was the punishment of their crime. they refused to hear that interior voice which told them this truth, and pitilessly recounted the history of

their lives, and yet they knew it well. They looked back into the Past. They recalled their determination to clutch happiness at any price, and they knew that disappointment alone had caused them to feel any remorse. Had they been able to live in slothful content they would never have dreamed of regretting their deed. But this was not the case, and they asked themselves with terror to what length their hatred and disgust might not carry them. They saw, stretching before them, a long Future of pain, and a sinister and violent dénoûement. Comprehending that they could never escape from their bondage, and that each hour only added to their sufferings, they addressed the most violent reproaches one to another, and in their vehement efforts to staunch the wounds they felt—they added to them and aggravated them.

Each evening some new quarrel burst forth. It seemed as if these two guilty creatures took every occasion to exasperate each other. They lived, consequently, in a state of continual contention, and would not submit to a word, a look or gesture, without an explosion.

Thus by degrees their whole natures were prepared for some act of violence. The slightest impatience, the most ordinary contradiction became an insult, and they hastened to recriminate. A mere nothing raised a storm that lasted until the next day. A dish that was not well cooked, an open window, a simple observation drove them both to behavior which a looker-on would have regarded as that of a maniac.

They threw their crime in each other's face. These scenes were horrible — their words more so. It was after dinner that these quarrels generally took place in the dining-room. There they could say what they pleased without being heard in the street, and did not cease until they were absolutely worn out. These quarrels were their only way of gaining sleep by soothing their nerves.

Madame Raquin listened to them, for she was always there, her head leaning against the chair back and her face like marble. She heard and understood every word, and not a shudder shook her torpid body. Her eyes were fixed on the murderers with keen intelligence. Her martyrdom was atrocious. In this way, she learned, detail by detail, each fact which had preceded and followed Camille's murder, and understood the atrocities of these persons whom she had called her "dear children."

These quarrels left nothing to her imagination, but brought up before her, with frightful and vivid circumstantiality, the whole horrible scene. When she thought she had no more of this infamy to hear, she always found there had been some one detail left untold, and each evening she heard the whole recapitulated. She lived — if her existence could be called living — in an unending dream of horror. The first avowal had been brutal and crushing, but she suffered more afterward from these repeated blows — from the small particulars which the husband and wife dropped

amid their quarrels. At least once each day, the poor mother heard the recital of her son's assassination, and each time the story was more frightful, and the details were given with more circumstantiality.

Sometimes, Thérèse was seized with remorse as she looked at this white, drawn face, down which great tears silently stole. She pointed to her aunt, and implored Laurent to be silent.

"Hold your own tongue!" he answered, brutally. "You know very well that she will have to hear this as long as she lives. Do you think I am any happier than she? We have her money though, that is one comfort!"

And the quarrel continued. Neither Laurent nor Thérèse dared to yield to the impulse of pity which occasionally came to them to leave the old lady in her room, and keep her from hearing these quarrels, for they were afraid they should murder each other were she not there.

Their compassion yielded before this cowardice, and they continued to inflict on Madame Raquin these incredible sufferings because they needed her presence.

All their disputes were similar, and led to the same accusations. As soon as Camille's name was pronounced, each accused the other as his murderer.

One evening, at dinner, Laurent looking for some subject on which to vent his irritation, complained that the water in the carafe was warm, that tepid water always made him sick, and bade his wife get some other.

"I cannot afford to buy ice," answered Thérèse, coldly.

"Very well, I can't drink this," said Laurent.

"It is excellent, nevertheless."

"It is muddy and it is warm. I believe it came from the river."

Thérèse repeated with a gasp:

"From the river!"

And she burst into tears. A singular connection of ideas was going on in her mind.

"Why do you weep?" sneered Laurent.

He knew very well what her reply would be.

"I weep," sobbed his wife, "I weep — because —. You know very well why I weep. My God! Ah! God, why did you allow this man to murder Camille?"

"I murder him!" cried Laurent, violently. "You lie! You know very well that if I threw him into the Seine it was because you drove me to it!"

"I? I drove you to it?"

"Yes, you! Don't put on those airs. You shall admit your own share in the murder, for to hear you say it, would in some degree comfort me."

"But I did not drown Camille."

"You did, I say. You need not feign surprise. You remember just what happened. I said to you in a whisper, 'I shall throw him into the river.' You made no objection, and you entered the boat. Surely, you remember just what happened. Wait, I will tell you."

He pushed back his chair and leaned towards his

wife, and with inflamed face and violent gestures he shouted:

"You were standing on the shore, and I said in your ear, 'I shall throw him in the water.' I remember the very words, 'I shall throw him in the water.' You did not answer but stepped into the boat. Now, won't you admit that you committed the murder?"

"No, I will not. I was mad. I did not know what I was doing. I never wished to kill him. It was you, and you alone, who committed the crime."

These asseverations irritated Laurent beyond endurance. As he had said, the idea of having an accomplice was a relief to him — he would have attempted, had he dared, to prove that the responsibility of the murder must rest on Thérèse.

He was tempted to beat her until she confessed that she was the most guilty.

He walked up and down the room in a frenzy of rage, followed by Madame Raquin's fixed gaze.

"Wretch!" he gasped. "Wretch that you are, you will make me mad. Did you not come into my room one evening like an infamous creature, and did you not bewilder me by your caresses, until I was ready to murder your husband, or do anything else you wanted me to do. He was disagreeable and sickly, you said, and you had told me so before whenever I came to visit you. I never thought of hurting a fly, much less of committing a murder until you put it into my head."

"It was you who killed Camille," repeated Thérèse,

with stolid obstinacy, which was more than Laurent could bear. He went up to her and took her by the shoulder with one hand, while he shook the other in her face.

"No, it was you! it was you! Come now, stop all this, or you will come to grief. Do you remember how you invited me to your room, how you told me that you hated Camille, and confess, now, and be done with it, that you meant to kill Camille in some way or another, and that you only used me as an instrument! Confess this, I tell you!"

"No, I will not, for every word you say is false, and you are the last man in the world who ought to reproach me for my weakness. I was a good woman before I knew you. I never had a thought which I was ashamed to acknowledge. We must not dispute, Laurent, for I have too much to reproach you with."

"What have you?"

"Nothing. I will not speak again. Yes, one thing I will say. You are a man. You should have protected me against myself, but it pleased you to enter my life and desolate it. I forgive you for that, but in Heaven's name, do not accuse me of having killed Camille. The crime was yours, and you shall not compel me to admit any share in it."

Laurent lifted his hand to strike Thérèse in the face.

She did not flinch.

"Yes, strike me," she said. "I wish you would. I think I should suffer less—"

His hand dropped. He drew up a chair and seated himself opposite his wife, and in a voice that he vainly essayed to render calm, he said:

"Listen to me. You are a miserable, sneaking coward, if you refuse to accept a portion of the responsibility of this crime. You know perfectly well that we committed it together, and you have no right to separate yourself from it in this way. Why will you make my burthen heavier for me by insisting upon your own innocence? Had you been innocent, you would never have consented to marry me. Do you remember the two years following? Do you wish to test this question? I will go to the *Procureur Imperiale*, and you will see if we are not both condemned!"

Both shuddered from head to foot, and Thérèse replied:

"Men may condemn me, but Camille well knows that I did not kill him. He does not torture me at night as he tortures you."

"Camille lets me sleep now," answered Laurent, pale and trembling. "It is you he visits. I have heard you cry out in your sleep."

"You shall not say that," answered his wife angrily. "It is to you he comes—not to me! I am innocent! I am innocent!"

They looked around the room in terror. They feared lest they had summoned the spectre. Their quarrels always ended in this way. By these protestations of innocence they hoped to deceive themselves

to such a degree that they might hope for a night's rest. Each made constant effort to throw the responsibility of the crime from his own shoulders to those of his partner in iniquity. They defended themselves as eagerly as if they stood before Judge and Jury, while at the same time taunting each other with the atrocity of the murder.

The strangest thing of all was, that they were never once duped by their own words, that they both remembered perfectly all the circumstances of their acts. Their falsehoods were puerile, their affirmations ridiculous, the mere wordy dispute of two wretches who lied for the sake of lying, and were unable to conceal that they lied.

Each in turn played the rôle of accuser, and although their arguments led to no result, they began the same thing again every evening. They knew that nothing they could say would prove anything, that they could never wipe out the Past, and yet they devoted themselves to their useless task — coming back to the charge with apparent vigor, while in reality their hearts were heavy with the knowledge that their efforts were useless.

The only advantage they derived from these disputes was the noise and tempest of words that prevented thought for the moment.

And while they raved the invalid watched them — and her eyes were filled with a lurid joy when she saw Laurent lift his heavy hand.

She hoped he would fell Thérèse to the ground.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THÉRÈSE KISSES HER AUNT.

A NEW phase now declared itself. Thérèse, mad with fear, her nerves all unstrung, began to weep for Camille in Laurent's presence.

She was greatly changed. Her hard nature had softened, and when she had struggled several months against the fears evoked by the haunting presence of Camille, she suddenly collapsed—her strength was gone. She was no longer the fierce, willful creature whom Laurent had known. She became again a gentle woman, who wept with horror over the Past, and in this woe and in her repentance hoped to find relief. She hoped that the spectre would be touched by these tears. It will be seen, therefore, that her remorse was, after all, the result of calculation, for she said to herself, that it was her best and only method of appeasing Camille.

Like certain devotees who think to deceive God and extort His pardon by praying with their lips, and by assuming a penitential attitude, Thérèse struck her breast, and asked forgiveness, when in reality she had no other sentiment in her heart than fear, and dread of further punishment. It was a great solace to her, moreover, to feel that she offered no further resistance, but abandoned herself to sorrow.

She overwhelmed Madame Raquin with her tearful despair, the old lady was regarded by her niece as a *prie-Dieu*, a piece of furniture, before which she, without fear or shame, could avow her faults and implore pardon. As soon as she felt that she must relieve her overladen heart by weeping, she knelt by the side of Madame Raquin's chair, and there moaned and writhed, acting a scene of remorse which relieved her and left her utterly exhausted.

"I am a miserable wretch," she stammered, "I merit no mercy. I have deceived you — it was I who drove your son to his death. You will never forgive me, and yet if you could realize the remorse now tugging at my heart-strings, if you knew what I was suffering, you would pity me. I could die at your feet in my shame and my agony."

She spoke in this way for hours, passing from despair to hope — condemning and then forgiving herself.

Her voice was that of a little girl, sometimes plaintive and sometimes very sweet.

Sometimes she forgot that she was kneeling by Madame Raquin, and continued her monologue in a sort of dream. When she had stunned herself with her own words she rose, and with faltering, unsteady steps, went down to the shop without fear lest she should burst into tears before one of her customers.

When remorse stung her again she would hurry up stairs and repeat the same scene, at the feet of her aunt.

Thérèse never thought that these tears and this display of her penitence was an additional affliction to her aunt. The truth was, if she had tried with all her power to invent another agony for the poor old lady, she could have succeeded no better than by this comedy of remorse.

The poor creature divined the selfishness concealed under this display of woe. These long monologues caused her the most intense suffering, as they brought before her Camille's assassination more vividly than ever. She, athirst for vengeance, could not forgive the wretched woman, and yet all day long these entreaties for pardon, these humble prayers rang in her ears. She longed to reply, but she could not, nor could she put her hands to her ears and insist on silence.

Sometimes she asked herself if these two wretches were not cowardly enough to inflict this agony intentionally. Her only means of defence was to close her eyes when Thérèse sank on her knees at her side. She could at least avoid seeing if not hearing her.

Thérèse at last became so bold that she kissed her aunt. One day after one of these spasms of repentance, she pretended to read a look of compassion in the eyes of the invalid. She dragged herself up from the floor and exclaimed:

"You forgive me! you forgive me! I see that you do!"

Then she kissed the brow and cheeks of Madame Raquin, who could not turn her head away.

Thérèse was startled by the marble coldness which her lips encountered, and she said to herself that this would be another excellent way of soothing the irritation of her nerves, and therefore persisted in kissing her aunt a dozen times during the day.

"Oh! how good you are!" she would say. "I see that my tears have touched you. Your eyes are full of pity. I understand!"

And she held her head on the lap of the old lady, kissed her hands and overwhelmed her with kind attentions. Madame Raquin was kept all the time in a state of rage. The kisses of her niece awoke in her the same feelings that she had when Laurent took her in his arms to lay her in her bed. She was obliged to submit to the caresses of this worthless woman who had killed her son. She could not even wipe away the kisses imprinted by this creature on her cheek. Hour after hour she felt these kisses scorching her flesh.

She was a doll whom these people dressed and undressed, put to bed and took up just as they pleased. She felt insulted by the atrocious mockery of her niece, who pretended to read forgiveness and compassion in her eyes, when those eyes expressed only horror and desire for revenge.

But Thérèse, who found infinite satisfaction in saying twenty times each day, that she was forgiven, showered kisses and caresses upon her, with greater effusion than ever.

When Laurent came in and found his wife kneeling by the side of her aunt, he took two rapid strides to her side, and pulling her up fiercely from the floor, he would say:

"None of this acting! Do you see me guilty of such nonsense? You do this only to worry me!"

The remorse of his wife troubled him strangely. His sufferings were redoubled by seeing his accomplice wander about the house with trembling lips and eyes swollen with tears. Her woe added to his terror. She was to him an eternal reproach, and he began to fear that his wife's penitence would impel her some day to reveal all. He would have preferred her threats and sarcasms, against which he could have defended himself far better. But she had changed her tactics entirely, and now admitted freely that she had participated in the crime. She covered herself with accusations, she was timid and gentle, and entreated him to pray for pardon at her side.

Her manner and words were altogether intolerable to Laurent, and their quarrels became more serious and vindictive than ever.

"We are very guilty," said Thérèse to her husband. "We must repent, if we wish for any peace. Now that I have found relief in tears, I am at ease to a great extent. Follow my example; let us say together that we are justly punished for having committed an awful crime!"

"Pshaw!" answered Laurent, roughly. "Speak for

yourself, if you please. I know well that you are an accomplished hypocrite. Weep, if it amuses you to do so — but for heaven's sake, keep your tears out of my sight!"

"Ah! you are thoroughly bad after all. You were mean too, and you betrayed Camille's confidence."

"Do you mean to say that I alone am guilty?"

"No, I don't mean to say any thing of the kind. I am guilty — more guilty than yourself, even. I ought to have saved my husband from your treacherous hands.

"Oh! I know the length and breadth of my crime, but I try to repent. I ask for forgiveness, and shall receive it sooner or later. Haven't you heart enough to spare my poor aunt all these dreadful scenes? And can you not make up your mind to express your regret and sorrow to her?"

And Thérèse, turning toward her aunt, kissed her tenderly. Madame Raquin closed her eyes. Her niece hovered about her, arranged the pillows that sustained her head, and showed her a thousand little attentions.

Laurent was exasperated.

"Let her alone!" he cried. "Don't you see that your touch is loathsome to her? If she could lift her hand, she would strike you!"

The slow and plaintive tones of his wife incensed him to a degree. He read her motives thoroughly. She wished to take her stand against him, and leave him to Camille's mercy. Sometimes he wondered if

she were not in the right, and if the spectre might not be mollified in this way, and shivered at the idea of being left to struggle alone.

He, too, would have liked to repent, or at least, to play the same farce of repentance which Thérèse had successfully, as he believed, acted; but he had neither words nor tears at command, and he could only try and disturb Thérèse, who replied with a melancholy sigh to his angry words, and who became all the more humble and repentant in proportion to his rudeness.

Thérèse had a little way of praising Camille now that was quite new.

"He was good," she said, "and we were very cruel when we attacked this kind creature, who never did harm to any one."

"He was good, yes," said Laurent; "but I think you had best say more, and call him stupid. I can remember the time when you said that every syllable he uttered provoked you, and that he could not open his lips without giving utterance to some silly platitude."

"Stop, if you please; it seems to me that it is hardly decent for you to insult the man you have murdered! You know nothing of a woman's heart, Laurent. Camille loved me, and I loved him."

"You loved him! Heaven forbid that any woman should love me in a similar fashion! I suppose it was because you loved your husband that you took me for a lover!"

"I loved him like a sister. He was the son of my benefactress. He had all the delicacy of feeble natures. He was generous and noble — and we killed him! My God! my God! we killed him!"

She wept aloud. Madame Raquin's eyes were like daggers in their sharp steely light, for she was indignant at hearing Camille's praises from such lips. Laurent paced the room with feverish step, asking himself how he could best silence these perpetual whines of Thérèse.

He himself began to be bewildered in his judgment of Camille, and to credit him with all the virtues which he now constantly heard ascribed to him. But that which disturbed him more than anything else, and which led to scenes of unparalleled violence, was the parallel which the widow of the murdered man drew between her first and second husband, of course to the advantage of the first.

"Yes," she cried, "he was better than you! Would that he were living, and you were in his place."

At first Laurent shrugged his shoulders on hearing these words.

"You may say what you please," she said with more vehemence, "I did not love him as I ought to have done when he was alive, but I love him now. I love him and I hate you. I am afraid of you because you are a murderer—"

"Will you hold your tongue?" roared Laurent.

"And he," she continued, "was an honest man, born

to be killed by a villain. Yes, you frighten me, for you are a man without heart or soul. How do you suppose that I can love you, now that you are stained with Camille's blood? Camille was kind to me, and you killed him. Alas! alas! if he were but alive again!"

"I tell you, Thérèse, you had best hold your tongue!"

"Why should I hold my tongue? I am only speaking the truth. I would give every drop of blood in your body and in mine to be forgiven. I weep for him night and day. Ah! Camille, Camille! Is it my fault that this dastard murdered you?"

Laurent, blinded by rage, staggered toward his wife and catching her by the arm, threw her on the ground and pressed his knee on her breast.

"Yes," she cried, uncowed by his uplifted hand, "strike me! kill me if you will! Camille never would have hurt a hair of my head!"

Laurent, in his rage, shook her violently; his hand hovered about her throat, for he was tempted to strangle her. Thérèse did not struggle; on the contrary, she did her best to exasperate her husband still further. She had found that after one of these scenes she slept better, and this was her remedy against the ever recurring tortures of the night.

Laurent's existence had grown to be intolerable ever since the day that Thérèse had taken it into her head to weep for Camille. She quoted him on all occasions. Camille did this, Camille did that, Camille had that

good quality; Camille was always courteous; Camille had pleasant little surprises for her. Thérèse maliciously racked her imagination to find those things which would most irritate her husband.

She spoke of her girlhood with deep sighs of regret, and mingled the memory of the murdered man with the most trivial acts of her daily life.

The spectre who haunted the house, was thus openly introduced within its walls. Laurent could not take up his fork, hand a plate, pour out a glass of water, that Thérèse did not make him feel that Camille had touched the same things, and in a different and better way.

Thus constantly jostled against the man he had killed, the murderer felt that he could bear no more. He was troubled with a strange hallucination. Hearing himself thus constantly compared to Camille, and all the time surrounded by things which he had handled, and which were intimately associated with him, Laurent finally began to identify himself with his victim. He was utterly bewildered, and his mind thrown off its balance.

All the quarrels between himself and his wife now terminated in blows.

CHAPTER XXX.

TO BE, OR NOT TO BE.

THEN came an hour when Madame Raquin, in order to escape the tortures to which she was subjected, determined to die of starvation. She could no longer endure the constant presence of these two persons, who had once been so dear to her. She decided that she must put an end to her martyrdom.

For two days she refused all nourishment, and setting her teeth together, would not swallow the food that was put into her mouth. Thérèse was in despair; she asked herself to what altar she could carry the burthen of her repentance, when her aunt was no longer there. She talked by the hour together, to prove to her aunt that she ought to live. She wept—she even showed a certain passionate anger, and opened the jaws of the poor invalid, as if she had been an obstinate animal. It was an odious struggle.

Laurent was perfectly indifferent, and could not comprehend the energy and indignation displayed by his wife, in preventing the suicide of the old lady. Now that the presence of Madame Raquin was not essential to his own comfort, he wished her to die. Not that he would have killed her, but since she desired death, he was not going to lift his finger to prevent her.

"Let her be! I tell you — ler her be!" he cried. "Let her starve herself, if she chooses! Why not? We shall both be better off without her!"

These words, repeated over and over again, produced a strange impression on the invalid. She was afraid that Laurent might be right — that after her death, they might know a period of peace. She said to herself that it was cowardly in her to die — that she had no right to depart until this tragedy was played to its bitter end. Not until then should she go to Camille — not until she could say to him, "You are avenged!"

The thought of suicide was no longer dear to her, when she remembered that she would thus leave this world before her beloved son was avenged.

She could not be easy in her grave, until she saw some hope of the guilty being visited with vengeance from on high.

With this conviction, she not only took the nourishment presented by her niece, but she took it eagerly. Besides, it was clear to her that the *dénoûement* could not be far off. Each day the position of husband and wife became more antagonistic. Their days had now become as horrible as their nights — they neither of them had an hour of peace in the whole twenty-four.

They lived in a hell which they themselves had made. Their words and their acts became more and more cruel, and each seemed eager to push the other into the yawning abyss at their feet.

The thought of a separation had come to both. Each

had dreamed of flying to some distant spot, far from this *Passage Neuf*, whose dreary dampness seemed so singularly appropriate to their desolated lives. But they dared not take so desperate a step. They hated each other profoundly, but if they were to live so far apart that they could not manifest this hatred, the entire occupation of their lives would be gone.

They were at once repelled and attracted, and felt all those strange sensations which people feel who, after a quarrel, turn away and then come back to shout out new insults, and give further vent to their sense of being wronged.

Then, too, there were material obstacles to their flight, they knew not what to do with Madame Raquin, nor what to say to their Thursday guests. If they fled, it was more than probable that suspicion would be aroused. Then their imaginations drew vivid pictures of the pursuit that would be made, of their arrest, and of their execution. And they lingered—lingered through sheer laziness and cowardice.

When Laurent was away, in the hours intervening between the morning and the afternoon, Thérèse wandered about the house uneasy and restless. She did not know what to do with herself, nor how to fill the great lack which she felt in her life. She was in a mood of restless despair when she was not kneeling, dissolved in tears, at the side of her aunt, or lying on the floor felled by the cruel hand of her husband.

As soon as she was alone in the shop, she sat list-

lessly gazing forth into the dark *Passage* with mournful eyes, at the people as they hurried past. She often begged Suzanne to pass whole days with her; the presence of this innocent, pale creature comforted her.

Suzanne accepted her invitations with joy; she loved Thérèse with respectful veneration, and had often wished that she might be allowed to bring her work daily and sit in the shop while Olivier was at his office. And now she gladly sat and embroidered in the chair formerly occupied by Madame Raquin.

Thérèse, from this time forth, did not trouble herself so much about her aunt, nor did she kneel so often and weep hot tears upon her knees. She had another occupation, and listened with some interest to Suzanne's monotonous babble about her health and her home, and all the other common-place things of a very common-place existence. She was sometimes surprised that these things afforded her any amusement, and smiled bitterly as she pictured to herself what her own life might have been.

By degrees all the customers who had formed the habit of coming to the shop disappeared. Since the illness of her aunt she had allowed her stock to diminish, and she took no pains to keep those things dusted and in order which were already on the shelves. They were some of them mouldy and all tumbled and shabby —spiders spun their webs over them, and the shop was rarely swept. But the customers were driven away more by the strange manner in which Thérèse received

them than by the disorder of the shop itself. When she was up stairs, shaken by her sobs, her long hair streaming over her shoulders like a Magdalen, and the shop bell announced the entrance of a customer, she was obliged to hurry down without even knotting up her hair or bathing her red eyes in cold water. She, under these circumstances, waited on the wants of the customer in an abrupt, absent way. Sometimes she did not take the trouble to go down, but called from the top of the stairs to know what was wanted, and then promptly asserted that she did not have the article required.

These manners were not especially agreeable, nor much calculated to retain her patrons. The work-women of the Quartier, accustomed to Madame Raquin's courtesy, and to her amiability, were shocked by the rudeness of Thérèse, and when the latter had Suzanne with her, the defection was complete, for the two women, in order not to be disturbed, treated the few persons who presented themselves in a manner that effectually prevented their coming again.

The result of this was naturally that the revenues of the shop were nothing, and it became necessary to draw on their capital of forty thousand francs. Sometimes Thérèse was absent for an entire afternoon; no one knew where she went. She had encouraged Suzanne's friendship, not only for her companionship in the shop but also that she might take care of it while she was away. When Thérèse returned in the

evening she found Olivier's little wife seated behind the counter in the same attitude in which she had left her five hours before, and on Suzanne's lips there was the same still faint smile.

Laurent's days seemed to him each a week long. They were all alike, characterized by the same ennui and the same monotony. Each night he looked forward with disgust to the next twenty-four hours, which would offer the same sufferings. He saw before him a weary stretch of weeks, months and years, the weight of which he felt in advance. When the Future is without hope, the Present assumes infinite bitterness.

Laurent no longer struggled — he submitted to the emptiness of his life. His idleness was intolerable to him, but he did not know what to do with his time. In the morning he left the shop, not knowing where to go, but heartsick at the idea of doing just what he had done the day before, and yet he had nothing else open to him. He went to his *atelier* because it was his habit so to do. This room, with gray walls and its skylight, through which he could see only the blue Heaven, filled him with intense sadness. He lay on his sofa; he dared not touch a brush, for he had made several attempts since the fatal visit of his artist friend and each time it was Camille's face that sneered upon the canvas. To prevent himself from losing his senses he dashed his paint box into a corner, and had nothing on earth to do with his time.

In the afternoon he asked himself where he should

go. He lounged through the streets for an hour and then, repelling the temptation to go back to his *atelier*, he sauntered along the Quais. Every time he looked at the Seine he shivered and felt ill—and yet he could not keep away from the river.

The next day he began this routine again, and the next was the same story. This went on for months, and there was every reason to suppose that it would continue for years.

When Laurent said to himself that he had murdered Camille for this, he felt a faint thrill of wonder that he had attained the felicity of which he had dreamed, which consisted of sitting with hands before him as long as he pleased. He said that he was a fool not to appreciate this happy ease now that it was his.

But it was of no use; he was obliged to admit in the depths of his heart that his idleness only made his sufferings more acute. This idleness, this animal existence, of which he had dreamed, was his worse chastisement. Occasionally he wished he had some hard, physical labor to perform, or some mental task which would enable him to forget.

The fact was that his only moments of relief were when quarrelling with Thérèse in the evening. This amusement enlivened his spirits.

His greatest suffering, both moral and physical, came from the wound on his neck. His nerves were so excited in thinking of it that he imagined the scar to be gradually spreading over his whole body. If it

ever came to pass that he momentarily forgot his crime, a stinging pain in this wound would recall the murder to his memory, with each revolting detail.

He could not stand before a mirror without seeing the phenomenon that he had so often remarked, and which frightened him whenever he beheld it, which was the blood gradually mounting to this scar, under the influence of the emotion he felt, and turning it to a brilliant scarlet. This living wound, throbbing and reddening under the least excitement, was a never-ceasing trouble and despair.

Thérèse, whenever she saw it, never failed to sob aloud and speak of it in such a way as she knew to be most offensive to her husband. Sometimes when shaving, with the razor in his hand, he was tempted to draw it across his throat and have done with it all. When he lifted his chin and beheld the red line under the white foam of the soap, his rage and despair was such that he longed to try the sharpness of his razor; but the steel was cold and he relinquished his idea.

His dull torpor did not vanish until after dinner, and then only under the sting of his wife's words. When he was tired of quarrelling with Thérèse and of beating her, he kicked the doors, as children do. He especially hated François, who, as soon as he entered, always took refuge on the knees of Madame Raquin. If Laurent did not kill him it was simply because he was really afraid to touch the creature.

The cat watched him with round, green eyes, which

had the most diabolical expression. It was these eyes that so exasperated the young man. He asked himself why the cat looked at him in this way, and finally imagined the most preposterous things. When at table, either in the midst of a long silence or of a question, he turned his head and perceived François looking at him with his pitiless gaze, he turned pale and was on the point of saying:

"Well! speak out! What on earth do you want?" When he could tread on the tail of the creature, or on one of its paws, he did it with eager joy, and then the mewing of the poor beast frightened him out of his senses, as if he had suddenly heard a cry of agony from human lips.

Laurent was absolutely afraid of François, more especially when the creature was planted on the knees of the invalid as within an impregnable fortress, from whence he examined his enemy with his green eyes. Laurent then perceived a vague resemblance between François and the old lady, and said to himself that the cat, as well as Madame Raquin, knew his crime, and would denounce it some day.

One evening, the behavior of François had been so especially strange that Laurent determined he would bear no more. He opened the window of the dining-room, and then took up the cat by the nape of its neck.

Madame Raquin saw what was impending, and tears slowly gathered in her eyes.

The cat twisted himself about and tried to bite

Laurent's hand, but Laurent held the creature firmly. He took him to the window, gave him two or three swings, and then sent him with all his strength against the high wall opposite.

The blow nearly annihilated the animal, who fell on the pavement, and all that night the miserable creature dragged itself from stone to stone with piteous mews. Its spine was broken.

That night Madame Raquin wept for François as she had wept for Camille. Thérèse had a frightful attack of the nerves—the sounds made by the cat under the window were indeed terrible. Laurent soon had another cause for anxiety, for he was greatly startled by certain changes in the manner of his wife.

Thérèse had become very sombre and taciturn. She no longer lavished on Madame Raquin her effusive repentance nor her grateful kisses. She resumed her old manner of selfish indifference and cruel scorn. It was as if she had tried remorse, and finding no solace in it, had turned to find some other remedy. Her sadness came unquestionably from her inability to find rest anywhere. She looked down on her aunt with an air of disdain as upon a useless creature, who could be of no further use to her, and bestowed on her only such care as was required to prevent her from perishing with hunger. She was more restless than ever, and absented herself some three or four times in the week for a whole day at a time.

This transformation puzzled and alarmed Laurent.

This dreary ennui seemed to him more hazardous than the noisy despair with which she had overwhelmed him. She rarely spoke to him now; she seemed to have forgotten how to quarrel. He preferred anything rather than to see her thus reserved, for in his eyes it prognosticated evil.

He was afraid that some day she would go to a Priest and relate the crime.

Therefore the numerous absences from home of Thérèse at this time assumed an appalling significance to his eyes. He thought that she had some confidant with whom she was preparing her treason.

Twice he undertook to follow her, but he lost her in the streets. But he determined to know what she was doing; he was convinced that his conjectures were correct, and that Thérèse was about to make a confession which must be throttled before it passed her lips.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

ONE morning, Laurent, instead of going to his *atelier*, established himself near the window of a Cabaret on one of the corners of the *Rue Guénégard*, opposite the *Passage*. From this point he could see every person who turned out of the *Passage*. He was waiting for Thérèse. The evening previous he had heard her say that she should go out early and be gone very probably all day. Laurent waited a full half hour. He knew that his wife always went through *la Rue Madeleine;* for a moment he fancied he might have missed her by her going out through *la Rue de Seine*. As he hesitated what he should do he saw Thérèse come out of the *Passage*. She was dressed very conspicuously, and held up her dress to show her feet as she walked.

Laurent followed her.

She moved very slowly, for the day was very lovely, and took a street that led past the *Ecole de Medicine*. Laurent was greatly startled, for he knew that a police station was near by. It was clear that his wife intended to betray them, but he determined that he would drag her away before she could knock at this door, and compel her to hold her tongue.

He hid himself behind a door and watched her. But suddenly Thérèse crossed the street and entered a café which then stood on the corner of *la rue Monsieur le Prince*. She seated herself among a crowd of students and women, all of whom greeted her familiarly. She ordered a glass of absinthe, while she talked with a handsome young fellow who seemed to have been expecting her. Laurent understood, and went away reassured and happy.

"Upon my word," he said to himself, "she is a cunning creature — much more shrewd than I!"

He was astonished that he had never thought of throwing himself into vice. His wife's infidelity did not disturb him in the least. On the contrary he was rather amused by it. Anything was better, in fact, than that his wife should have gone where he at first supposed was her intention. He saw now, that he had no reason for fear, and this was such a relief to him that he quite enjoyed his walk.

That evening Laurent determined to insist on his wife giving him several thousand francs, and he waited for Thérèse, who had not come in.

When she arrived he was quite amiable, but she was sulky and silent.

At table she did not eat a mouthful, and when dinner was over, Laurent asked her for five thousand francs.

"No," she answered coldly. "If I should let you have your own way, we should die in the poor-house. Are you ignorant of our position? We are gradually using our principal."

"I dare say," replied he calmly, "but all the same, I want the money."

"No, I tell you, no! You resigned your clerkship, the shop amounts to nothing, and we have only the income of my money to live on, and that does not cover our expenses. Each month I am obliged to draw on my capital. You will have no more!"

"Reflect a little. I tell you that I must have five thousand francs, and I will have them. You will give them to me yourself."

This quiet persistency irritated Thérèse.

"Ah! I know," she cried, "you intend to go on as you have begun. For four years you have been supported by us. You could do nothing, but you required the best of food and clothing. No," she hesitated, "I tell you that not one sou shall you have from me. You are a —"

Laurent began to laugh.

"Go on," he said serenely, "you can't be at a loss for an opprobrious epithet, you must hear enough in the society you affect at present."

This was the only allusion he made to his discovery.

Thérèse raised her head quickly and said sharply:

"At all events they are not murderers."

Laurent became livid. He was silent for a moment, then, with his eyes fixed on his wife, he said slowly:

"Listen, my girl: we had best say no more, it is not good for you or for me to quarrel just now. I am at the end of my endurance, and you had better be care-

ful if you do not want something awful to happen. I asked you for five thousand francs because I needed them, and I may go further and say that I intend even to use them in a way that will be beneficial to us both."

His smile was a singular one.

"Reflect now, and give me your decision."

"I have reflected," answered his wife, "and you shall not have a sou."

Her husband started up with such violence that she shrank back, afraid of being beaten. But Laurent did not go near her. He went to the door, saying coldly, that he was tired of the life he led, and that he was going to the nearest station house to relate the story of the murder.

"You drive me to it," he said. "You make my existence insupportable. I prefer to be done with it. We shall both be sentenced, of course."

"Do you think I care?" cried his wife. "I am as weary as you! I will go to the police office if you do not. I am ready to follow you to the scaffold, and I am not such a coward as yourself. Come, I am ready."

She went toward the stairs.

"Very well," answered Laurent, "we will go together."

When they got as far as the shop, they looked at each other in dismay. It seemed to them that they were nailed to the floor. The brief time consumed in coming down the stairs had been sufficient to show them both the consequences of this proposed confes-

sion. They saw, looming before them, the police, the prison, the court room, and the guillotine, and each was tempted to fling himself at the knees of the other, and implore him not to go forth and reveal the great crime.

Fear and embarrassment held them motionless for two or three minutes. It was Thérèse who was the first to yield.

"After all," she said, "I was a fool to refuse you this money. You will have it some day or another, so you may as well take it now."

She went to the counter and signed a check for five thousand francs, which Laurent had only to present at a banker's, and for that night there was no more talk of the police station.

As soon as Laurent had this money, he spent it right and left in the lowest forms of dissipation, but he never succeeded in drowning memory. He was not made for luxury in spite of his liking for it, and he was soon weary of it. When he came in and saw Thérèse and her aunt, after one of these debauches, he was frightened at the dreariness of these faces and his home, and swore that he would never go away again at all, as he seemed so much worse when he came back.

Thérèse too, went out less and less. She was weary of these acquaintances she had made; they had not brought her oblivion. Now she went about her house with her hair uncombed, and did not care how she looked.

And now the husband and wife were once more shut

up together in these dismal rooms, and hated each other worse than ever.

Their quarrels began again, and added to these quarrels was a sullen fear. The scene that had followed the demand for five thousand francs, was repeated morning and night. The fixed idea of each, was that the other intended to betray the truth. Any unusual look or mode of expression, was at once construed to mean an immediate visit to the police office.

When they quarrelled, each said that he would go at once and reveal the miserable story. Then they both shivered with dread, and both promised not to open their lips.

They suffered horribly, but neither had the courage to think of curing these sufferings by putting a red hot coal upon their wounds. When they threatened to confess this crime, it was only to terrify themselves, for never would they have had the strength needed for such a step.

Time after time they went as far as the door of the station house—sometimes it was Laurent who went to make the confession—sometimes it was Thérèse, but invariably they joined each other and decided to wait, after having exchanged vehement words.

Each new paroxysm left them more suspicious and less amenable to reason.

From morning until night they watched each other. Laurent never went away from the house, and Thérèse never went out alone. Their suspicions and their fears made them constant companions. Never since

their marriage had they lived in such close intimacy, and never had they suffered such tortures.

But notwithstanding the agony occasioned by this intimate association, they would not consent to be separated for an hour. If Thérèse went down to the shop, Laurent followed her for fear she might be tempted to talk to some customer. If Laurent stood at the door, looking at the passers by, Thérèse went to his side to see that he spoke to no one. On Thursday evenings, when their usual guests were there, the two murderers watched each other closely, trembling each time they opened their lips expecting some avowal, giving to the beginning of every sentence a compromising sense.

Such a state of warfare could not of course, be of long duration.

Thérèse and Laurent had each arrived at the decision that they could only escape from the consequences of their first crime by the commission of a second.

One of them must disappear from off the face of the earth, that the other might enjoy some repose. This reflection occurred to both at the same time; both felt the pressing necessity of a separation, and both felt that this separation should be eternal.

The murder they now thought of seemed to each the natural sequence of Camille's. They did not argue with themselves with regard to it, they accepted it as their only course. Laurent decided that Thérèse must be put out of the way because Thérèse worried him, and because one word from her lips would be

fatal to him. And Thérèse decided that she would kill Laurent for precisely the same reasons.

This determination on the part of both calmed them wonderfully. But their plans were formed with feverish haste, and with very little prudence. They weighed the consequences very vaguely, and made no preparations for flight. They simply said to themselves that, if they could do no better they would go away with all the money. Thérèse had sold out her securities and placed the money in a drawer, which Laurent knew. But neither asked what would become of Madame Raquin. Laurent had met some weeks before one of his old college friends, now a celebrated chemist.

This comrade had shown him the laboratory where he worked, and all his various drugs. One night, when he had decided on the murder, he happened to look at Thérèse as she drank a glass of *eau-sucrée*, and he suddenly remembered a small stone flask marked *Prussic Acid*. He remembered what the young chemist had said of the almost instantaneous effects of this poison, and of the very small traces it left behind. He decided that this was the poison he should use.

The next day he contrived to elude the vigilance of his wife and went to see his friend, taking the first opportunity to slip the flask into his pocket unseen. The same day, Thérèse profited by her husband's absence to sharpen a huge kitchen-knife, which was used to crack sugar. She hid the knife in the sideboard.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE END.

THE following "Thursday reception at the Raquins," as their guests continued to call the evenings they passed there, was especially gay and lively. It was prolonged until nearly midnight, and Grivet, as he left, declared he had never spent such agreeable hours.

Suzanne talked in a low voice of her own private affairs. Thérèse seemed to listen with great interest. Her eyes were fixed on the face of her companion and she moved her head in assent, but her thoughts were far away.

Laurent, on his side, lent but indifferent attention to the stories told by old Michaud and Olivier. These two men were talking so fast that Grivet could not slip in a word edgewise. He was contented to listen, however, for he entertained great respect for both father and son.

This evening he declared, with childish pleasure, that the conversation of the ex-policeman amused him quite as much as a game of dominos.

For four years these people had never missed a Thursday at the Raquins, and they were not yet fa-

tigued with these monotonous evenings, of which any other persons in the world would have been perfectly sick.

They had never once suspected the tragedy going on in this house, always so calm and peaceful when they entered.

Olivier often declared that the house was odorous of respectability. This was his pet police officer's jest. Grivet, not to be behind hand, called it *The Temple of Peace.*

Several times lately, Thérèse had explained bruises on her face, by saying that she had fallen and hurt herself; but no one of her guests dreamed that these bruises had been inflicted by Laurent's hand. They all believed this to be a model household, and that love and devotion reigned there supreme. The poor paralytic no longer made the slightest effort to reveal the infamy hidden behind the dreary tranquillity of these Thursday evenings.

A daily witness of the dissensions and recriminations between these criminals, foreseeing the crisis which must arrive before long, she began to accept the truth that events needed no help from her. From the time that she fully assented to this, she lapsed into an attitude of patient waiting for the consequences of Camille's murder, which must inevitably lay the criminals dead in their turn.

She asked only of heaven that she should be allowed

to live until she had seen the consummation of the tragedy she foresaw.

That evening Grivet drew a chair to her side and talked to her for some time, making as usual his own replies to his questions. But she did not once look at him.

When the clock struck twelve, the guests rose in astonishment.

"Upon my word," said Grivet, "we are so comfortable here always, that we forget how time goes—"

"And," interposed Michaud, "I am never sleepy here, though at home I always go to my bed at nine o'clock."

Olivier thought it was time for his little joke.

"You see," he said, with a smile that showed his yellow teeth, "you see these are honest people here — the house smells honest — that is why we like it!"

Grivet, vexed that he had been anticipated, struck an attitude, and in a declamatory voice, exclamed:

"This room is the Temple of Peace!"

Suzanne was tying her hat-strings, and as she finished she said to Thérèse:

"I shall be here to-morrow, at nine o'clock."

"No," answered Thérèse, hastily, "do not come until afternoon. I shall go out in the morning."

She spoke in a strange, agitated voice, and accompanied her guests through the shop, Laurent, carrying a lamp in his hand, preceded them.

When the door was locked on their departed guests, the husband and wife uttered a sigh of relief. They had been devoured all the evening by a sense of restless impatience. They had avoided looking at each other, and could they have done so, they would have stopped their ears in order not to hear the voice of the one who now caused a sick loathing. They went silently up the stairs, their limbs shaking under them and their hands trembling, so that Laurent was obliged to set the lamp he held on the table, lest he should drop it.

Before rolling Madame Raquin into the next room, they were in the habit of putting the dining-room in order — replacing the dominos in their box, placing the chairs back, and preparing a glass of *eau-sucrée* for the night. But this evening, when they went back to the dining-room, they seated themselves. The eyes of both were wandering — the lips of both were trembling.

Presently Laurent said, with evident effort:

"Well! are we to sit here all night?"

"No, we must go to our own room," answered Thérèse slowly, and shivering as if she were very cold.

She rose from her chair and took the *carafe*.

"I will do that," cried her husband, in a voice that he endeavored to render natural and unaffected. "I will prepare the *eau-sucrée* while you attend to your aunt."

He took the *carafe* from the hands of his wife and

filled a glass with water. Then, turning his back, he half emptied the tiny flask of prussic acid into it and adding several lumps of sugar, walked away from the table, leaving the glass there.

All this time, Thérèse was crouched in front of the side-board, apparently looking for something. She had taken out the kitchen knife and was trying to slip it into one of her large pockets.

At this moment, a strange sensation — that sensation that warns us of the approach of danger — induced both husband and wife to turn and look at each other. Thérèse saw the flask still in the hands of Laurent, and Laurent perceived the gleam of the steel knife among the folds of his wife's skirts. They looked at each other in silence for some minutes, the husband not far from the table, the wife in front of the side-board. They understood each other perfectly. Each was chilled with horror at seeing their own thoughts reflected in the face of his accomplice.

Madame Raquin knew that the end was near. Suddenly both Thérèse and Laurent burst into tears. They threw themselves into the arms of each other; it seemed to them that a great weight had been lifted from their breasts; they were softened and touched. As they wept, they thought of the shame of their Past and of the shame of their Future, if they were cowardly enough to continue to live. Then came an irresistible longing for repose. They exchanged one last look.

Thérèse took the glass and drank half its contents, and extended it to Laurent. He finished it. They were felled to the earth as by lightning.

The dead bodies lay all night on the floor of the dining-room, the light from the shaded lamp falling upon them, and for twelve long hours, until the next day at noon, Madame Raquin, motionless in her chair, contemplated them at her feet.

THE END.

Emile Zola's New Books.

The Greatest Novels Ever Printed.

Read what "Lucy Hooper" says of "Emile Zola's Works," in the Philadelphia Evening Telegraph.

The immense success of Zola forms a curious feature in the literary history of this age. For he is not only honored by the critics, who recognize his strength, his pitiless audacity, his positive genius, but he is the idol of the lower classes on account of the truthfulness of his delineations. Now I do not join with the world at large in considering Zola immoral. He is no more immoral than a physician lecturing about certain phases of horror in the condition of a patient afflicted with mortal disease. Nobody will arise from the perusal of Zola's books possessed with a desire to imitate the actions or to follow the example of his heroes and heroines. His works are not demoralizing. That quality resides far more potently in the pages of the romances of the "roses and raptures" school. He never makes vice lovely, never paints it in alluring tints, never strews its pathway with flowers. He is simply, literally, and pitilessly true to life in his powerful delineations. He is a French Thackeray. The talent of the two men—the author of *Vanity Fair* and the author of the *Assommoir*—is almost identical, modified in each by the conditions of their nationality and of the society for which they wrote. Place Thackeray in Paris, the son of Parisian parents, and *Vanity Fair* will become exasperated into *La Curée*. Transfer Zola to London, and transform him into an Englishman, and he will write *The Story of Pendennis* instead of *The History of the Rougon-Macquarts*. Nor are Zola's books the ephemeral productions of an hour. They are immortal because they are true. Two hundred years from now, historians seeking to tell the tale of the France of the Second Empire and the Third Republic, will turn to Zola as to a gallery of photographs taken from the life. Zola is in literature what Holbein was in art. His immense hold over the sympathies of the lower orders was never more fully shown than since the production of the melodrama drawn from his novel of *Nana*, at the Ambigu. I went on Saturday night last, and the throng was extraordinary. And here let it be stated, once for all, that *Nana* is *not* an indecent play. It is superbly put upon the stage, and is admirably played. It is not a play to take young girls to see, assuredly, but still a very curious and accurate study of an important phase of Parisian life. "Nana" is simply a realistic "Camille." She is a frivolous, good-hearted, conscienceless creature, and as for remorse, or aspirations after a purer or nobler life, such ideas never cross her brain. She holds in her vacant soul one nobler instinct, and that is her love for her child. In this respect Zola has been true to life as in other details.

LIST OF EMILE ZOLA'S GREAT WORKS.

Nana! The Sequel to "L'Assommoir." **Nana!** *By Emile Zola. With a Picture of "Nana" on the cover.* Price 75 cents in paper cover, or One Dollar in Cloth, Black and Gold.

L'Assommoir. *By Emile Zola.* **L'Assommoir.** *With a Picture of "Gervaise," Nana's mother, on the cover.* Price 75 cents in paper, or One Dollar in Cloth, Black and Gold.

Thérèse Raquin. *By Emile Zola,* author of *"Nana." With a Portrait of "Emile Zola" on the cover.* Price 75 cents in paper cover, or One Dollar in Cloth, Black and Gold.

La Curée. *By Emile Zola,* author of *"Nana."* Price 75 cents in paper cover, or One Dollar in Cloth, Black and Gold.

Magdalen Ferat. *By Emile Zola. With a Picture of "Magdalen Ferat" on the cover.* Price 75 cents in paper cover, or $1.25 in Cloth, Black and Gold.

Clorinda; or, Zola's Court of Napoleon III. *By Emile Zola,* author of *"Nana." With a Picture of "Clorinda" on the cover.* Price 75 cents in paper cover, or $1.25 in Cloth.

Albine; or, The Abbe's Temptation. (La Faute de L'Abbe Mouret.) *By Emile Zola. With a Picture of "Albine" on the cover.* Paper, 75 cents; cloth, $1.25.

Hélène; a Love Episode; or, Une Page D'Amour. *By Emile Zola,* author of *"Nana." With a Picture of "Hélène" on the cover.* Price 75 cents in paper, or $1.25 in Cloth.

The Rougon-Macquart Family; or, Miette. (La Fortune des Rougon.) *By Emile Zola,* author of *"Nana."* Price 75 cents in paper cover, or $1.25 in Cloth, Black and Gold.

The Conquest of Plassans; or, La Conquete de Plassans. *By Emile Zola,* author of *"Nana."* Price 75 cents in paper cover, or $1.25 in Cloth, Black and Gold.

The Markets of Paris; or, Le Ventre de Paris. *By Emile Zola,* author of *"Nana."* Price 75 cents in paper cover, or $1.25 in Morocco Cloth, Black and Gold.

☞ *Above Books are for sale by all Booksellers and News Agents everywhere, and on all Rail-Road Trains, or copies of any one book, or all of them, will be sent to any one, to any place, at once, per mail, post-paid, on remitting the price of the ones wanted in a letter to the Publishers,*

T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia, Pa.

NEW BOOKS BY THE BEST AUTHORS.

FOR SALE BY ALL BOOKSELLERS, AND PUBLISHED BY

T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, PHILADELPHIA.

NANA. *A Novel. By Emile Zola,* author of "L'Assommoir," "Clorinda," "Albine," "Hélène," etc. Price 75 cents in paper cover, or $1.00 in cloth.

L'ASSOMMOIR. *A Novel. By Emile Zola,* author of "Nana," "Clorinda," "Hélène," "Albine," etc. Price 75 cents in paper cover, or $1.00 in cloth.

MAGDALEN FERAT. *A Love Story. By Emile Zola,* author of "Nana," "L'Assommoir," "Clorinda," "Hélène," "Albine," etc. Paper, 75 cents, or $1.00 in cloth.

CLORINDA; or, THE COURT OF NAPOLEON III. *By Emile Zola,* author of "Nana," "L'Assommoir," "Albine," etc. Price 75 cents in paper, or $1.25 in cloth.

ALBINE; or, THE ABBE'S TEMPTATION. (LA FAUTE DE L'ABBE MOURET.) *By Emile Zola,* author of "Nana." Price 75 cents in paper cover, or $1.25 in cloth.

HELENE, A LOVE EPISODE; or, UNE PAGE D'AMOUR. *By Emile Zola,* author of "Nana," "L'Assommoir," etc. Price 75 cents in paper cover, or $1.25 in cloth.

MIETTE; or, THE ROUGON-MACQUART FAMILY. (LA FORTUNE DES ROUGON.) *By Emile Zola,* author of "Nana." Price 75 cents in paper cover, or $1.25 in cloth.

THE CONQUEST OF PLASSANS; or, LA CONQUETE DE PLASSANS. *By Emile Zola,* author of "L'Assommoir," "Nana," etc. Price 75 cents in paper, or $1.25 in cloth.

THE MARKETS OF PARIS; or, LE VENTRE DE PARIS. *By Emile Zola,* author of "L'Assommoir," "Nana," etc. Price 75 cents in paper, or $1.25 in cloth.

MAJOR JONES'S COURTSHIP. *By Major Joseph Jones,* of Pineville, Georgia. With 21 Illustrations by Darley and Cary. Price 75 cents in paper, or $1.00 in cloth.

MAJOR JONES'S TRAVELS. *By Major Joseph Jones,* author of "Major Jones's Courtship." With 8 Illustrations by Darley. Price 75 cents in paper, or $1.00 in cloth.

MAJOR JONES'S COURTSHIP; *and* **MAJOR JONES'S TRAVELS.** Both in one volume. Author's New Edition. *By Major Joseph Jones,* of Pineville, Georgia. With 29 Illustrations by Darley and Cary. Bound in morocco cloth, gilt and black. Price $1.75.

MAJOR JONES'S GEORGIA SCENES. *By* author of "Major Jones's Courtship." With 12 full page Illustrations by Darley. Price 75 cents in paper, or $1.00 in cloth.

RANCY COTTEM'S COURTSHIP. By author of "Major Jones's Courtship." With 8 full page illustrations. Price 50 cents in paper cover, or $1.00 in cloth.

LA GRANDE FLORINE. *Sequel to the "Stranglers of Paris." By Adolphe Belot,* author of "The Black Venus." Price 75 cents in paper cover, or $1.00 in cloth.

THE STRANGLERS OF PARIS. (*Les Etrangleurs of Paris.*) *By Adolphe Belot,* author of "La Grande Florine." Price 75 cents in paper cover, or $1.00 in cloth.

THE COUNT DE CAMORS. *The Man of the Second Empire. By Octave Feuillet,* author of "Bellah," "The Amours of Phillippe." Paper, 75 cents, or $1.25 in cloth.

ST. MAUR; AN EARL'S WOOING. A New Society Novel. *By John Carroll, of the "Caves," Baltimore Co., Md.* Price 75 cents in paper cover, or $1.25 in cloth.

MAJOR JONES'S SCENES IN GEORGIA. With Full Page Illustrations, from Original Designs by Darley. Morocco cloth, gilt and black. Price $1.50.

THE SWAMP DOCTOR'S ADVENTURES IN THE SOUTH-WEST, and **COLONEL THORPE'S SCENES IN ARKANSAW.** Full of Illustrations. Price $1.50 each.

HIGH LIFE IN NEW YORK. By Jonathan Slick. Illustrated. Price $1.50.

☞ *Above Books are for sale by all Booksellers and News Agents, or copies of any one or all of them, will be sent to any one, post-paid, on remitting price to the Publishers,*

T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia, Pa.

NEW BOOKS BY THE BEST AUTHORS.

FOR SALE BY ALL BOOKSELLERS, AND PUBLISHED BY

T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, PHILADELPHIA.

CAMILLE; or, THE FATE OF A COQUETTE. (LA DAME AUX CAMELIAS.) *By Alexander Dumas.* Paper cover, 75 cents. Cloth, $1.25. Library edition, $1.75.

MADAME BOVARY. *A Tale of Provincial Life, and a Master-Work of the Nineteenth Century. By Gustave Flaubert.* Price 75 cents in paper, or $1.00 in cloth.

VIDOCQ! THE FRENCH DETECTIVE. *An Autobiography. With his Portrait and Autograph,* and with Illustrative Engravings, from Original Designs by Cruikshank, and an Introductory Chapter, with Personal Recollections, by Dr. R. Shelton Mackenzie. Price 75 cents in paper cover, or $1.00 in cloth.

MY HERO. *A Captivating Love Story. By Mrs. Forrester,* author of "Viva," "Mignon," etc. Price 75 cents in paper cover, or $1.00 in cloth.

A YOUNG GIRL'S ROMANCE. A Pathetic and Absorbing Story of a Noble and Heroic Life. *By Ernest Daudet,* author of "The Little Sister," "Juliette's Lovers," "A Martyr of Love," "Henriette," etc. Price 50 cents in paper, or $1.00 in cloth.

SABINE'S FALSEHOOD. *A Love Story, from the Revue des Deux Mondes. By Madame la Princesse O. Cantacuzène-Altiéri.* Price 50 cts. in paper, or $1.00 in cloth.

BELLAH. *A Tale of Brittany. By Octave Feuillet,* author of "The Count De Camors," "The Amours of Philippe," etc. Price 50 cents in paper, or $1.00 in cloth.

XENIE'S INHERITANCE. *A Tale of Russian Life. By Henry Greville,* author of "Dosia," "Saveli's Expiation," etc. Price 50 cents in paper, or $1.00 in cloth.

DOSIA. *A Russian Story. By Henry Gréville,* author of "Marrying Off a Daughter," "Savéli's Expiation," and "Gabrielle." Price 75 cents in paper, or $1.25 in cloth.

THE TRIALS OF RAISSA. *A Russian Love Story. By Henry Greville,* author of "Dosia," "Saveli's Expiation," etc. Price 75 cents in paper, or $1.00 in cloth.

THE PRINCESS OGHEROF. *A Russian Love Story. By Henry Greville,* author of "Dosia," "Markof," etc. Price 75 cents in paper cover, or $1.00 in cloth.

MARRYING OFF A DAUGHTER. *A Love Story. By Henry Gréville,* author of "Dosia," "Savéli's Expiation," and "Markof." Price 75 cts. in paper, or $1.25 in cloth.

MARKOF, THE RUSSIAN VIOLINIST. *A Russian Story. By Henry Greville,* author of "Dosia." One large volume, cloth, price $1.50, or 75 cents in paper cover.

PHILOMENE'S MARRIAGES. *By Henry Gréville.* Paper, 75 cents, cloth $1.25.

PRETTY LITTLE COUNTESS ZINA. *By Gréville.* Paper, 75 cents, cloth, $1.25.

THE EARL OF MAYFIELD. *An Historical Novel. By Thomas P. May, Esq., of New Orleans. Seventh Edition.* Cloth, black and gold, price $1.50.

THE ROMAN TRAITOR; or, THE DAYS OF CICERO, CATO, AND CATALINE *By Henry William Herbert.* One large volume, morocco cloth, price $1.75.

ANGELE'S FORTUNE. *By Andre Theuriet.* Paper, 75 cents, or $1.25 in cloth.

COURTSHIP AND MATRIMONY. Morocco cloth, black and gold, price $1.50.

HOW SHE WON HIM. Price 75 cents in paper cover, or $1.25 in cloth.

HYDE PARK SKETCHES. Price 50 cents in paper cover, or $1.00 in cloth.

JARL'S DAUGHTER. *By Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett.* Paper, price 25 cents.

LINDSAY'S LUCK. *By Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett.* Paper, price 25 cents.

☞ *Above Books are for sale by all Booksellers and News Agents, or copies of any one or all of them, will be sent to any one, post-paid, on remitting price to the Publishers,*

T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia, Pa.

NEW BOOKS BY THE BEST AUTHORS.

☞ *The following New Books are printed on tinted paper, and are issued in uniform style, in square 12mo. form. Price Fifty Cents each in Paper Cover, or One Dollar each in Morocco Cloth, Black and Gold. They are Thirty of the best Novels ever printed.*

LUCIE RODEY. A Society Novel. *By Henry Grêville*, author of "Dosia," "Marrying Off a Daughter," "Savéli's Expiation," "Markof," and "Gabrielle."

THE LITTLE COUNTESS. *By Octave Feuillet*, author of "The Count De Camors."

"THEO." A Love Story. *By Mrs. Frances H. Burnett*, author of "Kathleen."

SAVELI'S EXPIATION. *By Henry Gréville*, author of "Dosia," "Sonia," "Bonne Marie," "Gabrielle," etc. A dramatic and powerful novel of Russian life.

BONNE-MARIE. A Love Story. *By Henry Gréville*, author of "Dosia," and "Gabrielle."

THE AMERICAN "L'ASSOMMOIR." A Parody on Zola's "L'Assommoir."

MISS MARGERY'S ROSES. A Charming Love Story. *By Robert C. Meyers.*

MADELEINE. *A Love Story. By Jules Sandeau.* Crowned by the French Academy.

KATHLEEN. A Love Story. *By Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett*, author of "Theo," "Pretty Polly Pemberton," "Miss Crespigny," "A Quiet Life," etc.

GABRIELLE; or, THE HOUSE OF MAUREZE. *By Henry Grêville*, author of "Dosia."

SYBIL BROTHERTON. *A Novel. By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth.*

MISS CRESPIGNY. A Love Story. *By Mrs. Frances H. Burnett*, author of "Theo."

THE STORY OF 'ELIZABETH.' *By Miss Thackeray*, daughter of W. M. Thackeray.

A QUIET LIFE. *By Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett*, author of "Kathleen."

A FRIEND; or, L'AMIE. *By Henry Gréville*, author of "Savéli's Expiation."

FATHER TOM AND THE POPE; or, A NIGHT AT THE VATICAN. With Full Page Illustrations of the scenes between the Pope and Father Tom.

PRETTY POLLY PEMBERTON. A Love Story. *By Mrs. Frances H. Burnett.*

TWO WAYS TO MATRIMONY; or, IS IT LOVE? or, FALSE PRIDE.

THE DAYS OF MADAME POMPADOUR; or, MADAME POMPADOUR'S GARTER. A Romance of the Reign of Louis XV. *By Gabrielle De St. Andre.*

A WOMAN'S MISTAKE. A Charming Love Story. *By Madame Angèle Dussaud.*

CARMEN. *By Prosper Mérimee. Book from which opera of "Carmen" was dramatized.*

DOURNOF. A Russian Story. *By Henry Grêville*, author of "Dosia," "Sonia," etc.

SONIA. A Russian Love Story. *By Henry Gréville*, author of "Savéli's Expiation."

THE MATCHMAKER. A Charming Novel. *By Beatrice Reynolds.*

THE RED HILL TRAGEDY. *By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth.*

THE AMOURS OF PHILLIPPE. "PHILLIPPE'S LOVE AFFAIRS." *By Feuillet.*

FANCHON, THE CRICKET; or, LA PETITE FADETTE. *By George Sand.*

BESSIE'S SIX LOVERS. A Charming Love Story, of the purest and best kind.

THAT GIRL OF MINE. A Love Story. By the author of "*That Lover of Mine.*"

THAT LOVER OF MINE. By the author of "*That Girl of Mine.*"

Above Books are 50 Cents each in paper cover, or $1.00 each in cloth.

☞ *Above Books are for sale by all Booksellers and News Agents, or copies of any one or all of them, will be sent to any one, post-paid, on remitting price to the publishers,*

T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia, Pa

NEW BOOKS BY THE BEST AUTHORS.

FOR SALE BY ALL BOOKSELLERS, AND PUBLISHED BY

T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, PHILADELPHIA.

A HEART TWICE WON; or, SECOND LOVE. *A Love Story. By Mrs. Elizabeth Van Loon,* author of "The Shadow of Hampton Mead." Cloth. Price $1.50.

THE SHADOW OF HAMPTON MEAD. *A Charming Story. By Mrs. Elizabeth Van Loon,* author of "A Heart Twice Won." Cloth, black and gold. Price $1.50.

UNDER THE WILLOWS; or, THE THREE COUNTESSES. *By Elizabeth Van Loon,* author of "A Heart Twice Won," "Shadow of Hampton Mead," etc. Cloth, $1.50.

THE MYSTERY OF ALLANWOLD. *By Mrs. Elizabeth Van Loon,* author of "A Heart Twice Won," "The Shadow of Hampton Mead," etc. Cloth. Price $1.50.

MYRTLE LAWN. A New American Novel. *By Robert E. Ballard,* of North Carolina. Cloth, black and gold. Price $1.50.

THE COUNT OF MONTE-CRISTO. Illustrated. *By Alexander Dumas.* Price One Dollar in paper cover, or $1.75 bound in cloth.

EDMOND DANTES. *Sequel to the Count of Monte-Cristo.* Price 75 cents in paper cover, or fine edition, bound in cloth, price $1.75.

THE COUNTESS OF MONTE-CRISTO. With her Portrait on the cover. Price One Dollar in paper cover, or bound in cloth, price $1.75.

THE OLD STONE MANSION. This is one of the most thrilling, powerful, and absorbing romances of real life ever penned. Cloth, black and gold. Price $1.50.

THE CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE. *By Miss Eliza A. Dupuy.* Uniform with "A Heart Twice Won." Bound in vellum, black and gold, price $1.50.

A DOUBLE WEDDING; or, HOW SHE WAS WON. By author of "The Household of Bouverie," and uniform with "A Heart Twice Won." Morocco cloth, $1.50.

THE LAST ATHENIAN. *By Victor Rydberg.* This is one of the most remarkable books ever published. One volume, 12mo., 600 pages, cloth, price $1.75.

FRANK FORESTER'S SPORTING SCENES AND CHARACTERS. *The Great Sporting Book. By Henry William Herbert (Frank Forester),* author of "The Roman Traitor; or, The Days of Cicero, Cato, and Cataline." Containing a variety of incidents, on the road, in the field and the forest, with the precepts, practice, and accidents of woodcraft, and concerning all the Field Sports of America, with a full and complete sketch of English Fox-Hunting. Including "The Warwick Woodlands," "My Shooting Box," "The Deer Stalkers," and "The Quorndon Hounds." It also contains an introductory chapter, containing a full sketch of the author's life, his portrait and autograph, with a life-like picture in his shooting costume, and seventeen other illustrative engravings from original designs by Felix O. C. Darley. The whole is complete in two large duodecimo volumes, printed on fine paper, handsomely bound in morocco cloth, bevelled boards, black and gold, price Four Dollars.

FRANCATELLI'S MODERN COOK BOOK *of French, English, German and Italian Cookery.* This is a Practical Guide to the Culinary Art in all its branches, and is the best and most complete Cook Book in the world, as it has proved to be the best guide for the kitchen in all households, large or small, that has ever appeared on either side of the Atlantic. A new and enlarged edition of it is just ready. Complete in 600 large octavo pages, with 62 illustrations, 1500 receipts, bills of fare, etc., strongly bound, price Five Dollars a copy. Every family should have a copy of it.

☞ *Above Books are for sale by all Booksellers and News Agents, or copies of any one or all of them, will be sent to any one, post-paid, on remitting price to the Publishers,*

T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia, Pa.

HENRY GRÉVILLE'S NEW BOOKS.

THE PRINCESS OGHÉROF. *A Russian Love Story. By Henry Gréville.* Price 75 cents in paper, or $1.00 in cloth.

XÉNIE'S INHERITANCE. *A Russian Story. By Henry Gréville.* Price 75 cents in paper, or $1.00 in cloth.

THE TRIALS OF RAÏSSA. *By Henry Gréville*, author of "Dosia." Price 75 cents in paper, or $1.00 in cloth.

DOSIA. *A Russian Story. By Henry Gréville*, author of "Savéli's Expiation." Price 75 cents in paper, or $1.25 in cloth.

SAVELI'S EXPIATION. *A Russian Story. By Henry Gréville*, author of "Dosia." Price 50 cents in paper, or $1.00 in cloth.

BONNE-MARIE. *A Tale of Normandy and Paris. By Henry Gréville.* Price 50 cents in paper, or $1.00 in cloth.

PHILOMENE'S MARRIAGES. *By Henry Gréville*, author of "Dosia." Price 75 cents in paper, or $1.25 in cloth.

DOURNOF. *A Russian Novel. By Henry Gréville*, author of "Dosia." Price 50 cents in paper, or $1.00 in cloth.

PRETTY LITTLE COUNTESS ZINA. *By Henry Gréville*, author of "Dosia." Price 75 cents in paper, or $1.25 in cloth.

SONIA. *A Russian Story. By Henry Gréville*, author of "Savéli's Expiation." Price 50 cents in paper, or $1.00 in cloth.

MARRYING OFF A DAUGHTER. *By Henry Gréville*, author of "Dosia." Price 75 cents in paper, or $1.25 in cloth.

A FRIEND; or, L'AMI. *By Henry Gréville*, author of "Dosia." Price 50 cents in paper, or $1.00 in cloth.

MARKOF. *A Russian Novel. By Henry Gréville*, author of "Savéli's Expiation." Price 75 cents in paper, or $1.50 in cloth.

GABRIELLE; or, The House of Maureze. *By Henry Gréville.* Price 50 cents in paper, or $1.00 in cloth.

LUCIE RODEY. *A Society Novel. By Henry Gréville*, author of "Dosia." Price 50 cents in paper, or $1.00 in cloth.

☞ *Above Books are for sale by all Booksellers and News Agents, and on all Rail-Road Trains, or copies of any one, or all of the books, will be sent to any one, to any place, at once, per mail, post-paid, on remitting the price of the books wanted to the Publishers,*

T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia, Pa.

MRS. SOUTHWORTH'S WORKS.

EACH IS IN ONE LARGE DUODECIMO VOLUME, MOROCCO CLOTH, GILT BACK, PRICE $1.75 EACH.

All or any will be sent free of postage, everywhere, to all, on receipt of remittances.

ISHMAEL; or, IN THE DEPTHS. (Being "Self-Made; or, Out of Depths."

SELF-RAISED; or, From the Depths. The Sequel to "Ishmael."

THE PHANTOM WEDDING; or, the Fall of the House of Flint.

THE "MOTHER-IN-LAW;" or, MARRIED IN HASTE.

THE MISSING BRIDE; or, MIRIAM, THE AVENGER.

VICTOR'S TRIUMPH. The Sequel to "A Beautiful Fiend."

A BEAUTIFUL FIEND; or, THROUGH THE FIRE.

THE LADY OF THE ISLE; or, THE ISLAND PRINCESS.

FAIR PLAY; or, BRITOMARTE, THE MAN-HATER.

HOW HE WON HER. The Sequel to "Fair Play."

THE CHANGED BRIDES; or, Winning Her Way.

THE BRIDE'S FATE. The Sequel to "The Changed Brides."

CRUEL AS THE GRAVE; or, Hallow Eve Mystery.

TRIED FOR HER LIFE. The Sequel to "Cruel as the Grave."

THE CHRISTMAS GUEST; or, The Crime and the Curse.

THE LOST HEIR OF LINLITHGOW; or, The Brothers.

A NOBLE LORD. The Sequel to "The Lost Heir of Linlithgow."

THE FAMILY DOOM; or, THE SIN OF A COUNTESS.

THE MAIDEN WIDOW. The Sequel to "The Family Doom."

THE GIPSY'S PROPHECY; or, The Bride of an Evening.

THE FORTUNE SEEKER; or, Astrea, The Bridal Day.

THE THREE BEAUTIES; or, SHANNONDALE.

FALLEN PRIDE; or, THE MOUNTAIN GIRL'S LOVE.

THE DISCARDED DAUGHTER; or, The Children of the Isle.

THE PRINCE OF DARKNESS; or, HICKORY HALL.

THE TWO SISTERS; or, Virginia and Magdalene.

THE FATAL MARRIAGE; or, ORVILLE DEVILLE.

INDIA; or, THE PEARL OF PEARL RIVER.

THE WIDOW'S SON; or, LEFT ALONE.

THE MYSTERY OF DARK HOLLOW.

ALLWORTH ABBEY; or, EUDORA.

THE BRIDAL EVE; or, ROSE ELMER.

VIVIA; or, THE SECRET OF POWER.

THE HAUNTED HOMESTEAD.

THE CURSE OF CLIFTON

THE WIFE'S VICTORY

THE SPECTRE LOVER.

THE ARTIST'S LOVE.

THE FATAL SECRET.

LOVE'S LABOR WON.

THE LOST HEIRESS.

BRIDE OF LLEWELLYN. THE DESERTED WIFE. RETRIBUTION

☞ *Mrs. Southworth's works will be found for sale by all Booksellers.*

☞ *Copies of any one, or more of Mrs. Southworth's works, will be sent to any place, at once, per mail, post-paid, on remitting price of ones wanted to the Publishers.*

T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia, Pa.

PETERSONS' DOLLAR SERIES.

OF GOOD AND NEW NOVELS, ARE THE BEST, LARGEST, AND CHEAPEST BOOKS IN THE WORLD.

Price One Dollar Each, in Cloth, Black and Gold.

A WOMAN'S THOUGHTS ABOUT WOMEN. By Miss Mulock. Every Lady wants it
TWO WAYS TO MATRIMONY; or, Is It Love, or, False Pride?
THE STORY OF "ELIZABETH." By Miss Thackeray, daughter of W. M. Thackeray
FLIRTATIONS IN FASHIONABLE LIFE. By Catharine Sinclair.
THE MATCHMAKER. A Society Novel. By Beatrice Reynolds. Full of freshness and truth.
ROSE DOUGLAS, The Bonnie Scotch Lass. A companion to "Family Pride."
THE EARL'S SECRET. A Charming and Sentimental Love Story. By Miss Pardoe.
FAMILY SECRETS. A companion to "Family Pride," and a very fascinating work.
A LONELY LIFE. A Thrilling Novel in Real Life.
THE MACDERMOTS OF BALLYCLORAN. An Exciting Novel by Anthony Trollope.
THE FAMILY SAVE-ALL. With Economical Receipts for Breakfast, Dinner and Tea.
SELF-SACRIFICE. A Charming and Exciting work. By author of "Margaret Maitland."
THE PRIDE OF LIFE. A Love Story. By Lady Jane Scott.
THE RIVAL BELLES; or, Life in Washington. By author "Wild Western Scenes."
THE CLYFFARDS OF CLYFFE. By James Payn, author of "Lost Sir Massingberd."
THE ORPHAN'S TRIALS; or, Alone in a Great City. By Emerson Bennett.
THE HEIRESS OF SWEETWATER. A Love Story, abounding with exciting scenes.
THE REFUGEE. A delightful book, full of food for laughter, and sterling information.
LOST SIR MASSINGBERD. A Love Story. By author of "The Clyffards of Clyffe."
CORA BELMONT; or, THE SINCERE LOVER. A True Story of the Heart.
THE LOVER'S TRIALS; or, The Days Before the Revolution. By Mrs. Denison.
MY SON'S WIFE. A strong, bright, interesting, and charming Novel. By author of "Caste."
AUNT PATTY'S SCRAP BAG. By Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, author of "Linda," "Rena."
SARATOGA! AND THE FAMOUS SPRINGS. An Indian Tale of Frontier Life.
COUNTRY QUARTERS. A Charming Love Story. By the Countess of Blessington.
SELF-LOVE. A Book for Young Ladies, with their prospects in Single and Married Life contrasted.
LOVE AND DUTY. A Charming Love Story. By Mrs. Hubback.
THE DEVOTED BRIDE; or, FAITH AND FIDELITY. A Love Story.
THE HEIRESS IN THE FAMILY. By author of "Marrying for Money."
COLLEY CIBBER'S LIFE OF EDWIN FORREST, with Reminiscences.
THE MAN OF THE WORLD. This is full of style, elegance of diction, and force of thought.
OUT OF THE DEPTHS. A Woman's Story and a Woman's Book, the Story of a Woman's Life
THE QUEEN'S FAVORITE; or, The Price of a Crown. A Romance of Don Juan.
THE CAVALIER. A Novel. By G. P. R. James, author of "Lord Montagu's Page."
THE RECTOR'S WIFE; or, THE VALLEY OF A HUNDRED FIRES.
THE COQUETTE; or, LIFE AND LETTERS OF ELIZA WHARTON.
WOMAN'S WRONG. A Book for Women. By Mrs. Eiloart. A Novel of great power.
HAREM LIFE IN EGYPT AND CONSTANTINOPLE. By Emmeline Lott.
THE OLD PATROON; or, THE GREAT VAN BROEK PROPERTY.
THE BEAUTIFUL WIDOW. TREASON AT HOME. PANOLA.

☞ *The above Books are all issued in "Petersons' Dollar Series," and they will be found for sale by all Booksellers, News Agents, and on all Railroad trains, at One Dollar each, or copies of any one or more, will be sent to any place, at once, post-paid, on remitting the price of the ones wanted in a letter, t*

T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia.

ALEXANDER DUMAS' GREAT WORKS.

All or any will be sent free of postage, everywhere, to all, on receipt of remittances.

The Count of Monte-Cristo. With elegant illustrations, and portraits of Edmond Dantes, Mercedes, and Fernand. Price $1.50 in paper cover; or $1.75 in cloth.

Edmond Dantes. A Sequel to the "Count of Monte-Cristo." In one large octavo volume. Price 75 cents in paper cover, or a finer edition, bound in cloth, for $1.75.

The Countess of Monte-Cristo. With a portrait of the "Countess of Monte-Cristo" on the cover. One large octavo volume, paper cover, price $1.00; or bound in cloth, for $1.75.

The Three Guardsmen; or, The Three Mousquetaires. In one large octavo volume. Price 75 cents in paper cover, or a finer edition in cloth, for $1.75.

Twenty Years After. A Sequel to the "Three Guardsmen." In one large octavo volume. Price 75 cents in paper cover, or a finer edition, in one volume, cloth, for $1.75.

Bragelonne; the Son of Athos. Being the continuation of "Twenty Years After." In one large octavo volume. Price 75 cents in paper cover, or a finer edition in cloth, for $1.75.

The Iron Mask. Being the continuation of the "Three Guardsmen," "Twenty Years After," and "Bragelonne." In one large octavo volume. Paper cover, $1.00; or in cloth, for $1.75.

Louise La Valliere; or, the Second Series of the "Iron Mask," and end of "The Three Guardsmen" series. In one large octavo volume. Paper cover, $1.00; or in cloth, for $1.75.

The Memoirs of a Physician; or, The Secret History of the Court of Louis the Fifteenth. Beautifully Illustrated. In one large octavo volume. Paper cover, $1.00; or in cloth, for $1.75.

The Queen's Necklace; or, The "Second Series of the Memoirs of a Physician." In one large octavo volume. Paper cover, price $1.00; or in one volume, cloth, for $1.75.

Six Years Later; or, Taking of the Bastile. Being the "Third Series of the Memoirs of a Physician." In one large octavo volume. Paper cover, $1.00; or in cloth, for $1.75.

Countess of Charny; or, The Fall of the French Monarchy. Being the "Fourth Series of the Memoirs of a Physician." In one large octavo volume. Paper cover, $1.00; or in cloth, for $1.75.

Andree de Taverney. Being the "Fifth Series of the Memoirs of a Physician." In one large octavo volume. Paper cover, price $1.00; or in one volume, cloth, for $1.75.

The Chevalier; or, the "Sixth Series and final conclusion of the Memoirs of a Physician Series." In one large octavo volume. Price $1.00 in paper cover; or $1.75 in cloth.

Joseph Balsamo. Dumas' greatest work, from which the play of "Joseph Balsamo" was dramatized, by his son, Alexander Dumas, Jr. Price $1.00 in paper cover, or $1.50 in cloth.

The Conscript; or, The Days of the First Napoleon. An Historical Novel. In one large duodecimo volume. Price $1.50 in paper cover; or in cloth, for $1.75.

Camille; or, The Fate of a Coquette. ("La Dame aux Camelias.") This is the only true and complete translation of "Camille," and it is from this translation that the Play of "Camille," and the Opera of "La Traviata" was adapted to the Stage. Paper cover, price $1.50; or in cloth, $1.75.

Love and Liberty; or, A Man of the People. (Rene Besson.) A Thrilling Story of the French Revolution of 1792-93. In one large duodecimo volume, paper cover, $1.50; cloth, $1.75.

The Adventures of a Marquis. Paper cover, $1.00; or in one volume, cloth, for $1.75.

The Forty-Five Guardsmen. Paper cover, $1.00; or in one volume, cloth, for $1.75.

Diana of Meridor. Paper cover, $1.00; or in one volume, cloth, for $1.75.

The Iron Hand. Price $1.00 in paper cover, or in one volume, cloth, for $1.75.

Isabel of Bavaria, Queen of France. In one large octavo volume. Price 75 cents.

Annette; or, The Lady of the Pearls. A Companion to "Camille." Price 75 cents.

The Fallen Angel. A Story of Love and Life in Paris. One large volume. Price 75 cents.

The Mohicans of Paris. In one large octavo volume. Price 75 cents.

The Horrors of Paris. In one large octavo volume. Price 75 cents.

The Man with Five Wives. In one large octavo volume. Price 75 cents.

Sketches in France. In one large octavo volume. Price 75 cents.

Felina de Chambure; or, The Female Fiend. Price 75 cents.

The Twin Lieutenants; or, The Soldier's Bride. Price 75 cents.

Madame de Chamblay. In one large octavo volume. Price 50 cents.

The Black Tulip. In one large octavo volume. Price 50 cents.

The Corsican Brothers. In one large octavo volume. Price 50 cents.

George; or, The Planter of the Isle of France. Price 50 cents.

The Count of Moret. In one large octavo volume. Price 50 cents.

The Marriage Verdict. In one large octavo volume. Price 50 cents.

Buried Alive. In one large octavo volume. Price 25 cents.

☞ Above books are for sale by all Booksellers and News Agents, or copies of any one or more, will be sent to any one, post-paid, on remitting price to the Publishers,

T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia, Pa.

GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS' WORKS.

NEW AND BEAUTIFUL EDITIONS, JUST READY.

Each Work is complete and unabridged, in one large volume.

All or any will be sent free of postage, everywhere, to all, on receipt of remittances.

Mysteries of the Court of London; *being* THE MYSTERIES OF THE COURT OF GEORGE THE THIRD, *with the Life and Times of the* PRINCE OF WALES, *afterward* GEORGE THE FOURTH. Complete in one large volume, bound in cloth, price $1.75; or in paper cover, price $1.00.

Rose Foster; or, the "Second Series of the Mysteries of the Court of London." Complete in one large volume, bound in cloth, price $1.75; or in paper cover, price $1.50.

Caroline of Brunswick; or, the "Third Series of the Mysteries of the Court of London. Complete in one large volume, bound in cloth, price $1.75; or in paper cover, price $1.00.

Venetia Trelawney; being the "Fourth Series or final conclusion of the Mysteries of the Court of London." Complete in one large volume, bound in cloth, price $1.75; or in paper cover, price $1.00.

Lord Saxondale; or, The Court of Queen Victoria. Complete in one large volume, bound in cloth, price $1.75; or in paper cover, price $1.00.

Count Christoval. The "Sequel to Lord Saxondale." Complete in one large volume, bound in cloth, price $1.75; or in paper cover, price $1.00.

Rosa Lambert; or, The Memoirs of an Unfortunate Woman. Complete in one large volume, bound in cloth, price $1.75; or in paper cover, price $1.00.

Joseph Wilmot; or, The Memoirs of a Man Servant. Complete in one large volume, bound in cloth, price $1.75; or in paper cover, price $1.00.

The Banker's Daughter. A Sequel to "Joseph Wilmot." Complete in one large volume, bound in cloth, price $1.75; or in paper cover, price $1.00.

The Rye-House Plot; or, Ruth, the Conspirator's Daughter. Complete in one large volume, bound in cloth, price $1.75; or in paper cover, price $1.00.

The Necromancer. Being the Mysteries of the Court of Henry the Eighth. Complete in one large volume, bound in cloth, price $1.75; or in paper cover, price $1.00.

Mary Price; or, The Adventures of a Servant Maid. One vol., cloth, price $1.75; or in paper, $1.00

Eustace Quentin. A "Sequel to Mary Price." One vol., cloth, price $1.75; or in paper, $1.00

The Mysteries of the Court of Naples. Price $1.00 in paper cover; or $1.75 in cloth

Kenneth. A Romance of the Highlands. One vol., cloth, price $1.75; or in paper cover, $1.00.

Wallace: the Hero of Scotland. Illustrated with 38 plates. Paper, $1.00; cloth, $1.75

The Gipsy Chief. Beautifully Illustrated. Price $1.00 in paper cover, or $1.75 in cloth.

Robert Bruce; the Hero King of Scotland. Illustrated. Paper, $1.00; cloth, $1.75

The Opera Dancer; or, The Mysteries of London Life. Price 75 cents.

Isabella Vincent; or, The Two Orphans. One large octavo volume. Price 75 cents.

Vivian Bertram; or, A Wife's Honor. A Sequel to "Isabella Vincent." Price 75 cents.

The Countess of Lascelles. The Continuation to "Vivian Bertram." Price 75 cents.

Duke of Marchmont. Being the Conclusion of "The Countess of Lascelles." Price 75 cents

The Child of Waterloo; or, The Horrors of the Battle Field. Price 75 cents.

Pickwick Abroad. A Companion to the "Pickwick Papers," by "Boz." Price 75 cents.

The Countess and the Page. One large octavo volume. Price 75 cents.

Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots. Complete in one large octavo volume. Price 75 cents.

The Soldier's Wife. Illustrated. One large octavo volume. Price 75 cents.

May Middleton; or, The History of a Fortune. In one large octavo volume. Price 75 cents.

The Loves of the Harem. One large octavo volume. Price 75 cents.

Ellen Percy; or, The Memoirs of an Actress. One large octavo volume. Price 75 cents.

The Discarded Queen. One large octavo volume. Price 75 cents.

Agnes Evelyn; or, Beauty and Pleasure. One large octavo volume. Price 75 cents.

The Massacre of Glencoe. One large octavo volume. Price 75 cents.

The Parricide; or, Youth's Career in Crime. Beautifully Illustrated. Price 75 cents.

Ciprina; or, The Secrets of a Picture Gallery. One volume. Price 50 cents.

The Ruined Gamester. With Illustrations. One large octavo volume. Price 50 cents.

Life in Paris. Handsomely illustrated. One large octavo volume. Price 50 cents.

Clifford and the Actress. One large octavo volume. Price 50 cents.

Edgar Montrose. One large octavo volume. Price 50 cents.

☞ *The above works will be found for sale by all Booksellers and News Agents.*

☞ *Copies of any one, or more, or all of Reynolds' works, will be sent to any place by mail, post-paid, on remitting price of ones wanted to the Publishers,*

T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia, Pa.

By Author of "L'Assommoir."

NANA!

SEQUEL TO "L'ASSOMMOIR."

BY ÉMILE ZOLA.

AUTHOR OF "L'ASSOMMOIR," "CLORINDA; OR, ZOLA'S COURT OF NAPOLEON III.," "THE ROUGON-MACQUART FAMILY," "HELENE; OR, UNE PAGE D'AMOUR," "THE ABBE'S TEMPTATION; OR, LA FAUTE DE L'ABBE MOURET," "THE CONQUEST OF PLASSANS," "THE MARKETS OF PARIS; OR, LE VENTRE DE PARIS."

TRANSLATED BY JOHN STIRLING.

Read what the 'Boston Courier' says of 'Nana.'

"NANA," BY EMILE ZOLA.—If the sale of a work is any measure of its success, and it is generally esteemed such, then "*Nana*" and "*L'Assommoir*" are the most successful novels ever written, for their circulation has been almost unbounded. Aside from the fact that "*Nana*" is a continuation of "*L'Assommoir*," and will therefore be read by all who have perused the latter work, the character of the story itself is sufficiently fascinating to attract for it universal attention. "*Nana*" is a careful study of the life and manners of a certain class of people, ordinarily designated as those of elegant leisure. The heroine is a variety actress, whose face and figure create a furore among the fashionable Parisians, who follow her on and off the boards as if she were a veritable queen. Her life is a life of perpetual excitement and uninterrupted intrigue, portrayed with an intensity of graphic delineation which is almost terrible to realize. Zola's purpose is, as he himself says, to paint this class of women as they exist in real life, and any one who reads the work will not hesitate to declare that he has attained a full measure of success in his attempt. Although the work deals with vice in all its hideous reality, "*Nana*" throws no glamor over self-indulgence, nor lends the least charm to natures essentially false and corrupt. The writer's object is to make vice repulsive, believing that thereby it will lose the attractiveness which has been imparted to it by certain writers of a less realistic school. Though "*Nana*" is a continuation of "*L'Assommoir*," it in no way resembles the latter in its field of action, for the scene is laid among a totally different class of people. Only in the method of treatment does it resemble its predecessor, for we find the same powerful and life-like delineations of character, the same finished execution, and the same marvellous command of language which characterize all of Zola's works. "*Nana*" is undoubtedly destined to rank as high in popularity as any of the author's previous productions, and also to have an unparalleled sale. "*Nana*" has created a great sensation abroad, and has been hailed by the Press of London, Paris and St. Petersburg, as the literary event of the century, over three hundred thousand copies of "*Nana*" and "*L'Assommoir*" having been sold in Paris alone. "*Nana*" and "*L'Assommoir*" are each complete in one volume, price 75 cents each in paper cover, or One Dollar each bound in cloth, and will be found for sale by all Booksellers and News Agents, and on all Railroad Trains, or copies will be sent to any one, to any place, at once, on remitting price in a letter to the Publishers, T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa.

☞ *Zola's Novels are the greatest works of this century. Address all orders to*

T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Publishers,
306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Frank Forester's Great Sporting Book.

FRANK FORESTER'S SPORTING SCENES AND CHARACTERS.

BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT.

(FRANK FORESTER.)

AUTHOR OF "THE ROMAN TRAITOR; OR, THE DAYS OF CICERO, CATO, AND CATALINE."

It contains a variety of incidents, on the road, in the field and the forest, with the precepts, practice, and accidents of woodcraft, and concerning all the Field Sports of America, with full and complete sketches of English Fox-Hunting, including "The Warwick Woodlands," "My Shooting Box," "The Deer Stalkers," and "The Quorndon Hounds." To which is added an introductory chapter containing a sketch of the author's life, with his portrait and autograph, a life-like picture in his shooting costume, and seventeen other illustrative engravings from original designs by Darley and Frank Forester. The whole is complete in two large duodecimo volumes, printed on fine paper, and handsomely bound in morocco cloth, with bevelled boards, black and gold, price Four Dollars.

Henry William Herbert, the author of "FRANK FORESTER'S SPORTING SCENES AND CHARACTERS," was born in London, April 7, 1807. He received all the advantages of a thorough classical education. His passion for field sports, inherited from his ancestors, was exhibited while yet at school. His father, an enthusiastic sportsman, taught "the young idea how to shoot, to ride a horse, and speak the truth"—three essential elements in the education of the British gentry. Soon after leaving college, young Herbert visited Paris, and after a tour of several months on the continent, he determined to leave home, kindred, and station, for another clime. Arriving in the United States in December, 1831, with "no other purpose than to see America in all its length and breadth," to use his own language, he sojourned for a time in New York city, then visited Orange county, N. Y., where for the first time he beheld "Tom Draw," and in company with that keen sportsman hunted the quail and woodcock in the Warwick Woodlands. This fair region and the genial host have been since rendered famous in both hemispheres by Herbert's pen. At "The Cedars," his country home, Herbert was the wonder and admiration of the people. In the field, with dog and gun, or along the trout streams, with rod in hand, he was held a model, the same as in his works pertaining to those pastimes. Frank Forester's writings form an important feature of American literature—derived not only from an hereditary zeal and taste for field sports, but an ability in literary walks, and opportunities for the practice of the sports he loved, both in America and in Europe, which combined to make him the model sporting author in the world.

New Edition, Revised and Enlarged, 19 Illustrations. 2 vols., cloth, $4.00.

☞ *The above Work is for sale by all first-class Booksellers, or copies of it will be sent to any one, to any place, at once, post-paid, on remitting price to the publishers,*

T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia, Pa.

WANTED.—Canvassers to sell the above Book, send for terms.

☞ Vidocq's Memoirs. An Autobiography. ☜

VIDOCQ

THE FRENCH DETECTIVE.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

With a Portrait of "VIDOCQ," his Autograph, and with Illustrative Engravings, from Original Designs by Cruikshank, and an Introductory Chapter, and Personal Recollections, by Dr. R. Shelton Mackenzie.

"VIDOCQ, THE FRENCH DETECTIVE," is one of the most wonderful exposes ever printed, and should be read by all that crave powerful description. As an Autobiography, it has many and singular characteristics, which stamp it at once as one of the most interesting and powerful narratives ever penned. Replete with astonishing incidents and instructive moral, it affords for the lovers of romance all that the wildest taste could desire of hair-breadth escapes, imminent danger, thrilling horrors, and powerful description. For the amateurs of fun, there are sketches as comic as humor can devise; and for the reflective reader, who, not content with the mere detail of events, searches into the motives, and philosophizes on the wit or weakness, power or puerility of the human mind, herein will be found ample scope for his most meditative musings. To any who may assert their disbelief of the personal deeds and perils of Vidocq, as detailed by him in these pages, we suggest this plain fact—none of them were ever contradicted; and yet many of the persons whom he handled with severity, and spoke of in no measured terms, were still living when the work was first issued, and would have been too happy to refute the charges alleged, did not the truth forbid denial. His wonderful and multiplied escapes and adventures are all facts; as no man in his senses would give fictitious descriptions of what could be easily disproved, if false. The volume contains a Portrait of Vidocq, with his Autograph, and Illustrative Engravings, from Original Designs by Cruikshank, with an Introductory Chapter, and Personal Recollections of Vidocq, by Dr. R. Shelton Mackenzie. It is published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, in a large square duodecimo volume, paper cover, price 75 cents, or in one volume, bound in morocco cloth, price One Dollar, and is in uniform style with Petersons' editions of "Dosia," "Nana," "L'Assommoir," etc., and will be found for sale by all Booksellers and News Agents, and on all Railroad Trains, or copies of it will be sent to any one, to any place, at once, on remitting the price in a letter to the Publishers, T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa.

Paper Cover, 75 Cents. Morocco Cloth, Gilt and Black, $1.00.

☞ *"Vidocq, the French Detective" is issued in a square 12mo. volume, in uniform style with "Dosia," "Savéli's Expiation," "Sonia," "The Trials of Raïssa," "Lucy Rodey," "Xénie's Inheritance," "Marrying Off a Daughter," "Markof," "Bonnie Marie," "Philomène's Marriages," "Dournof," "A Friend," "Pretty Little Countess Zina," "The Princess Oghérof," and "Gabrielle," by Henry Greville, all of which books are for sale by all Booksellers and News Agents, or copies of any one, or all of the books, will be sent to any one, post-paid, on remitting their price to the Publishers,*

T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS,
306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

MAJOR JONES'S COURTSHIP

AND MAJOR JONES'S OTHER BOOKS, JUST PUBLISHED BY

T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, PHILADELPHIA

And for sale in Paper Cover, and in Morocco Cloth, Gilt.

Major Jones's Courtship.

MAJOR JONES'S COURTSHIP. Detailed, with Humorous Scenes, Incidents, and Adventures. By Major Joseph Jones, author of "Rancy Cottem's Courtship," "Major Jones's Travels," "Major Jones's Georgia Scenes," etc. Revised and Enlarged. With Twenty-One Full Page Illustrations on Tinted Plate Paper, by Darley and Cary. One volume, 12mo. Price 75 cents in paper cover; or in morocco cloth, gilt, $1.00.

Major Jones's Travels.

MAJOR JONES'S TRAVELS. Detailing his Adventures, Humorous Scenes, and Incidents, in each town he passed through, while on his tour from Georgia to Canada. By Major Joseph Jones, author of "Major Jones's Courtship." With Eight Full Page Illustrations on Tinted Paper, by Darley. One volume, 12mo., uniform with "Major Jones's Courtship." Price 75 cents in paper cover; or in morocco cloth, gilt, $1.00.

MAJOR JONES'S COURTSHIP and MAJOR JONES'S TRAVELS. These two books are also issued in one volume, bound in morocco cloth, price $1.75.

Major Jones's Georgia Scenes.

MAJOR JONES'S GEORGIA SCENES. Comprising his celebrated Sketches of Georgia Scenes, with their Incidents and Characters. By Major Joseph Jones, author of "Major Jones's Courtship." With Twelve Full Page Illustrations on Tinted Paper, by Darley. Uniform with "Major Jones's Courtship." Price 75 cents in paper cover; or in morocco cloth, gilt, $1.00.

Rancy Cottem's Courtship.

RANCY COTTEM'S COURTSHIP. Detailed, with Other Humorous Sketches and Adventures. By Major Joseph Jones, author of "Major Jones's Courtship." With Eight Full Page Illustrations on Tinted Plate Paper, by Cary. One volume, 12mo., uniform with "Major Jones's Courtship." Price 50 cents in paper cover; or in morocco cloth, gilt, $1.00.

☞*Above Books by Major Jones, are for sale by all Booksellers and News Agents, or copies of any one or all of them, will be sent to any one, to any place, at once, post-paid, on remitting the price of the ones wanted, to the publishers,*

T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia, Pa.

WANTED.—Canvassers to engage in selling the above works.

Major Jones's Courtship.

WITH 21 FULL PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS.

BY MAJOR JOSEPH JONES.

(OF PINEVILLE, GEORGIA.)

By Author of "Raney Cottem's Courtship," "Chronicles of Pineville," "Major Jones's Sketches of Travel," etc.

By Author of "Raney Cottem's Courtship," "Chronicles of Pineville," "Major Jones's Sketches of Travel," etc.

"By this time the galls was holt of my coat-tail, hollerin as hard as they could."

Price in Paper Cover, 75 Cents; or in Morocco Cloth, Gilt and Black, $1.00.

☞ *Major Jones's Courtship is for sale by all Booksellers and News Agents, or copies of either edition will be sent at once, post-paid, on remitting price in a letter to the publishers,*

T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia, Pa.

S. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ'S WORKS.

LIBRARY EDITION, IN MOROCCO CLOTH.

---

12 Volumes, at **$1.75** Each; or **$21.00** a Set.

T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, No. 306 *Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, have just published an entire new, complete, and uniform edition of all the celebrated Novels written by the popular American Novelist, Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, in twelve large duodecimo volumes. They are printed on the finest paper, and bound in the most beautiful style, in Green Morocco cloth, with a new, full gilt back, and sold at the low price of* $1.75 *each, or* $21.00 *for a full and complete set. Every Family and every Library in this country, should have in it a complete set of this new and beautiful edition of the works of Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz. The following is a complete list of*

MRS. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ'S WORKS.

LINDA; or, THE YOUNG PILOT OF THE BELLE CREOLE.
With a Complete Biography of Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz.

ROBERT GRAHAM. A Sequel to "Linda."

RENA; or, THE SNOW BIRD. A Tale of Real Life.

MARCUS WARLAND; or, The Long Moss Spring.

ERNEST LINWOOD; or, The Inner Life of the Author.

EOLINE; or, MAGNOLIA VALE; or, The Heiress of Glenmore.

THE PLANTER'S NORTHERN BRIDE; or, Mrs. Hentz's Childhood.

HELEN AND ARTHUR; or, Miss Thusa's Spinning-Wheel.

COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE; or, The Joys of American Life.

LOVE AFTER MARRIAGE; and other Stories of the Heart.

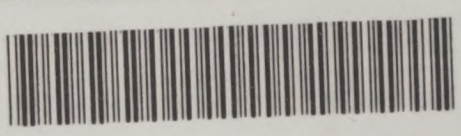
THE LOST DAUGHTER; and other Stories of the Heart.

THE BANISHED SON; and other Stories of the Heart.

☞ *Above Books are for sale by all Booksellers at* $1.75 *each, or* $21.00 *for a complete set of the twelve volumes. Copies of either one of the above books, or a complete set of them, will be sent at once to any one, to any place, postage pre-paid, or free of freight, on remitting their price in a letter to the Publishers,*

T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia, Pa.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0002265181A